ITALIAN CINEMA NUMBER

Films and Filming

APRIL 1959

2s

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HIGH praise is due to your writer Matt McCarthy for *Free Cinema—In Chains* (February). Free Cinema and its attendants (committed criticism *et al*) were never so effectively exposed. Lindsay Anderson fails by rejecting technique as expendable. The test of art is its power to move—to arouse from lethargy, inducing simultaneous respect for the director's sensitivity and by contrast dissatisfaction with our own. Falsification makes it artistic, since art is essentially illusion—"a language for expressing emotion." If the cinema is a form of visual journalism, then there is a legitimate place for Free Cinema. If it is an art, much more cerebral effort is required to rouse the audience from inertia. Art should show us what we might be. Mr. Anderson shows us what we are and, contrary to his wishes, we can only despair.

Technique is the tool whereby the artist shapes the experience he desires to convey and worth studying for this reason. When the affection is authentic and deeply felt, masterpieces like *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Umberto D*, *Pather Panchali* and *The Tokyo Story* ensue. Yet Mr. Anderson is *not* honest. Despite his angry denunciation of *On the Waterfront*, as fascist and reactionary, he himself is no less an intellectual dictator for seeking to impose his own ideas. He might do well to consider that those people he photographs in *Every Day Except Christmas* are exactly those who would applaud the decadent *High Society*. He castigates those who swallow this subtle propaganda, and yet professes to love them. Surely a dichotomy here? He stands for liberal values and advocates commitment, but it must be commitment to the same things he believes in. Hardly a liberal attitude.

It is insufficient merely to possess liberality—dedication to the means of making others share it is equally essential. Grierson's definition of documentary as "the creative treatment of actuality" might be adopted as a credo of films generally, and then the cinema can be, as Lenin once claimed, the greatest and still the most humane of all the arts.

Alan Stanbrook

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Chichester,
Sussex.

MUDDLED THINKING

FOR muddled thinking, Matt McCarthy's article on Free Cinema takes the biscuit.

He applauds the original aims of the movement—to inject "a new vitality into British film-making," to "slough the conventions of the entertainment cinema," to justify the cinema's claim to be an art. Then he attacks the young film-makers of *Momma Don't Allow*, *Nice Time*, *O Dreamland*, *Together* and *Every Day Except Christmas* for attempting to achieve the same aims. They tackled subjects the commercial cinema prefers to ignore, they tried to create films outside the usual narrative conventions.

All art is reality as interpreted by the sensitivity of the artist. Because some of the young people see the world in a radical light, Mr. McCarthy storms at them for spreading Socialist propaganda. Because some of the films are crude technically (as was Rossellini's *Open City*), he would have the Free Cinema movement become merely a training scheme for craftsmen.

Perhaps some of the youngsters' politics are callow, but Mr. McCarthy's views are just as lop-sided, judging from the glee with which he damns the whole working class for the misdemeanours of a handful of hooligans.

J. B. Allard

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Cheshunt, Herts.

A SOCIAL DOCUMENT

PETER JOHN DYER reviewing *Room at the Top* (February), has failed to emphasise what was, to me, the most interesting and refreshing aspect of this worthy film. It must be some time since class, that most disturbing characteristic of English society, was so honestly treated on the screen.

For many years the British film has been accused of stagnancy and this criticism, justly deserved in many instances, has arisen, in part, from the "middle class" aims at audience appeal on the part of producers. Now, at last, we have a film that reflects more accurately than any I remember, the present day temper and viewpoint of the so-called "lower social orders," and the effect of class barriers upon them; a film that might justifiably be labelled "a social document" to rank, in its aims at least, with the best that the independent American companies can produce.

Would it be too much to hope that with this fine piece of social comment, together with the forthcoming *Look Back in Anger*, a new approach is looming from film-makers in this country?

Neil W. Biggs

Eagle Cottage,
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Macclesfield, Cheshire.

POLITICAL OVERTONES

MUCH as I enjoyed the article by Jimmy Vaughan (The Dark Continent, January), I feel he must be careful not to read political overtones where none exist. *Sanders of the River* had been proved by Edgar Wallace to be a popular commercial vehicle for many years before his book was made into a film. Film-makers are notoriously more concerned with making money then preaching politics, and Whitehall does certainly not need fiction, either on the screen or in the printed word, to justify its actions in Africa.

Furthermore, whatever Robeson's subsequent views may have been, the film not only made his prestige secure, but made him into a household word in a way his vocal talents, superb as they were, could never have achieved.

Mr. Vaughan makes much of the unfortunate incident whereby prisoners were used by the makers of *Simba*, although it has been established quite clearly that the film-makers had no knowledge of the sentence to be passed on them. The film was an honest attempt to portray a

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Films and Filming

Editor: PETER G. BAKER

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Personality of the Month

Cesare Zavattini: Godfather to an Ideal

CESARE ZAVATTINI is the Godfather of neo-realism: and it is Vittorio De Sica who has been his most faithful and most brilliant interpreter. Both have a contract with each other: but, unfortunately De Sica has to spend a large amount of his time earning enough money to lavish on these personal directorial excursions. For works of art like *Umberto D* seldom recover their production costs.

Zavattini and De Sica hope to start *The Last Judgment Begins at* 6.00 *p.m.* this year. It is a "realist fantasy." De Sica will not now make Za's most cherished project, *Italia Mia*. However, they will follow *Last Judgment* with another collaboration. It may be some time later, for De Sica will have to appear in a lot of films unworthy of his talents to earn enough money to go ahead on another personal project.

Meanwhile, what is Zavattini now doing? During the long Roman afternoons, he sits in a publisher's office in the Via Veneto, giving advice to editors of magazines and to authors; at night he does his own writing. He sleeps in the morning. With a sardonic smile he will tell you "The cinema does its best to avoid keeping me busy."

Zavattini, who has provided the solid rock on which neo-realism was built, is a disappointed but not a disillusioned man. He still believes, like the characters in his *Miracle in Milan*, that happier times will come.

In the meantime, he is working on his first stage play, which will be produced at the famous *Piccolo Teatro* in Milan this Spring. Called *How a Screen Play is Born*, it is the neo-realist tale, with a vein of satire, of what happens to a young director who thinks he has enough spiritual freedom to make a film but then, in the end, lacks the courage.

Criticism of neo-realism continues, even if it has been written off as dead many years ago. One doesn't kick a dead man. So evidently there is still a spark of life in the cause. The latest criticism, oddly enough, comes from Soviet Russia, where the Italian neo-realists are blamed for distracting their Soviet colleagues from "the determined path to Communism." An article in the authoritative *Komsomolskaya Pravda* complains that the heroes of recent Soviet films "seem to live in depressing cubicles with a basin to wash in." The writer of the article asks if maybe the directors have fallen under the spell of neo-realism, but adds, chauvinistically, "Delving into a person's intimate life is something Russian artists don't have to learn from anyone." But the implication is there.

Zavattini is used to such criticisms, though they usually come from the other side of the political fence. "People always confuse neo-realism with the portrayal of misery and gloom. This is wrong, as I have so often pointed out. The problems which we affront can be as glamorous as you like. Why I could go to Cuba tomorrow and make a neo-realist film about Fidel Castro's two years of preparing a revolution. I don't know what the Russian's problems are. One, I imagine, would be the writers' position in a Socialist society. If a film on that subject were made by any of the people who so delight in mocking neo-realism in Italy, the writer would certainly shoot himself at the end. But a Russian film-maker would show how the writer comes to terms with his society. A conscientious American director would do the same."

Zavattini reiterates his view that there are thousands of themes for neo-realist films in Italy. Not just in the left-wing papers either, but even in those conservative papers which so frequently publish tirades against the "dead" neo-realist movement. "It is not neo-realism that has fallen, but the courage to be neo-realist" is Za's comment.

He thinks that some good and some very good films are still being made in Italy even if they are not neo-realist. He considers Fellini an important figure. He has his reservations about Rosi, but considers *La Sfida* an admirable effort as a first film. And he is convinced that Antonioni will one day make a really great realist picture. "But how can a director develop if he makes only one film a year? A painter can produce a thousand works in one year, even if he throws away 990 of them. Few directors are able to make even one film a year as they want to."

With Zavattini about to start *Last Judgment* with De Sica, and with the promise of another one to follow, nobody it seems is more optimistic than the man whom even the Russians now accuse of being too pessimistic.—J.F.L.

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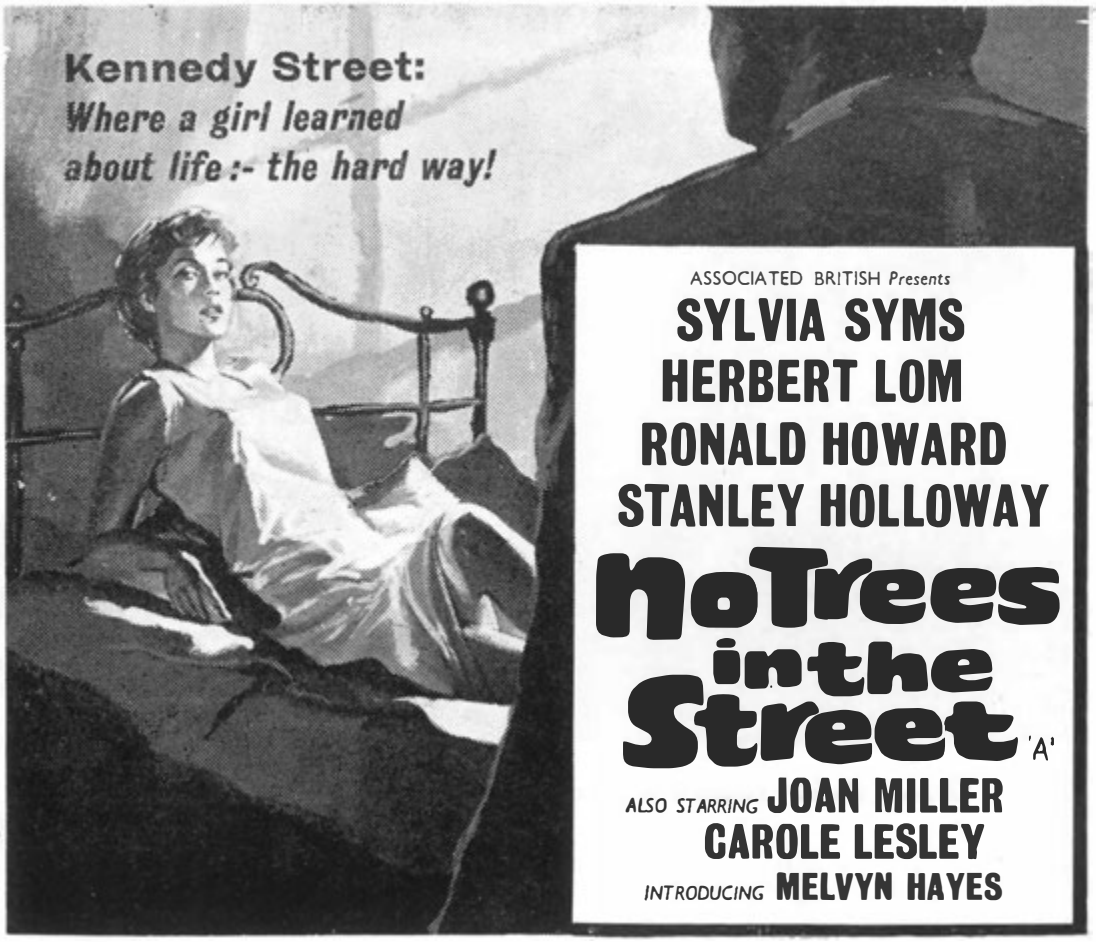

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My Sweet Life

By FEDERICO FELLINI

THE film that I am now starting was to have been made for the producer Dino De Laurentiis, who produced my films *La Strada* and *Cabiria.* We came to the parting of the ways over the cost of the film. Dino said the film was going to cost too much and the price wasn't justified by the commercial possibilities of the script. It's true. My *The Sweet Life* will cost a lot of money, perhaps half a billion lire. I cannot help it. I want everything to be perfect. Each scene must have a Baroque air about it. I am painting a portrait of Rome at a certain moment in its eternal history, the Summer of 1958, and I mean to reproduce every detail authentically as if it were a film in period costume.

Indeed, I think I *will* shoot the film in costume ; I shall make the women wear styles which are somewhere between the Sack and the Empire Line, which were so popular with our women last year. We will shoot scenes in the most fashionable Roman night clubs and the most sophisticated bars and hotels, the salons of princely palaces and the gardens of the noblest or richest families. Every character in the film will be in harmony with the whole fresco of Roman life today. So, naturally, the film will cost a lot. Fortunately, the producers who are going to make the film now, have faith in me.

Wanted an American

One of the chief difficulties in agreeing with my good friend De Laurentiis over this film, was that he wanted an American to play the leading role. This was in order to give the film the opening to the international market ; but for me, Marcello Mastroianni is the only actor who could play the journalist hero of my picture. You see, it is not easy to find an actor in Italy who has all the requisites I demand : handsome, around thirty and a good actor. Above all, I want the fresh-faced "nice guy" type who hasn't much will-power and therefore accepts any compromise out of moral laziness. If necessary, he'll even resort to blackmail and not feel badly about it. Under his ordinary everyday face there is that inner self which the public who see the film will not realise at first.

How could I possibly have conveyed all I see in this character if, instead of Mastroianni, I had had an American who doesn't even speak Italian, let alone Roman dialect ?

The Marcello of *The Sweet Life* is, in a sense, the continuation of Moraldo, the boy of *I Vitelloni*, who goes to Rome in search of fortune. Moraldo, after his first difficulties in Rome, got a job as a reporter on a newspaper. The time was 1938, when journalism was being suffocated by Fascist censorship. Moraldo dreams of buying a small family car and finding a wife—but meanwhile he only eats once a day.

This was Moraldo as I saw him some years later. As I tried to work him into a script I realised that Moraldo's problems didn't interest me any more. The times have changed. Now, for better or worse, there's always a way of getting a free supper or a lift to the beach for a party. The interior problems of a journalist are quite different today from what they were when Moraldo was in his 'twenties.

The story of Moraldo-Marcello as I have now written it does not set out to be controversial, or satirical, or moralistic. It is a gay story, intending only to amuse. What is dramatic about it is simply the absence of passion. It is the drama of a person without dramas in his life. My hero is a tourist in the world of passions, both his own and those of other people.

I can't tell you the story of the film. You'll have to see it for yourselves. Roughly, though, it is the story of the life, the loves and the *reportages* of a journalist who has no moral scruples in his relationships. Among the characters he meets there is an American film star (Anita Ekberg) and a middle-aged authoress who is trying, vainly, to get Marcelle to write a novel. MauriceChevalier will, I hope, play Marcello's father,up from the provinces and rather envious of his son's success with the women. And there are a hundred other characters, all of them more or less familiar to anybody who knows Rome's Via Veneto.

Some day, perhaps, I'll make a film about producers. I have such an experience of them. None of my films have ever ended up being made by the producer with whom I had originally signed a contract.

I had no less than eleven different producers before I finished *Cabiria* !

As a result, I am probably the worst paid director in Italy. I don't mind, so long as I can work in the way I want to. I could not conceive working on a film spoken in English, with the waiters of the Via Veneto cafes speaking an Italian like Oliver and Hardy when they are dubbed into our language. Imagine having shot *I Vitelloni* in English !

They try to corrupt me from all sides. I was offered £180,000 to direct a life of Simon Bolivar. Should I feel sorry now that I turned down an offer by Hal Wallis for a quarter of a million dollars to direct a film about horses with Anna Magnani ? I do not pretend to be a poet ; but I have always had an almost childish complex about sums. I am quite incapable of transforming them into practical projects : such as buying villas, or mink coats, or sports cars.

UP THE POLE : Director Federico Fellini rehearsing a scene with Richard Baseheart for La Strada. *Photo : Unitalia*

Amusing Myself

My own sports car was given to me by my German distributor.

In order to work, I have to amuse myself—and be carried away by enthusiasm and faith.

Otherwise, why should I bother to get up at seven in the morning and disturb people at any hour of the day as if I were from the Gestapo, screaming and cursing them through a megaphone so that they perform what I want of them ?

Maybe I'll become a producer myself soon. Gregory Peck and I have gone into partnership for the production of a film in which Sophia Loren will play opposite him. It is the story of an intellectual (Moraldo again, if you like) who gets fed up with city life and decides to go back to his home town in the provinces.

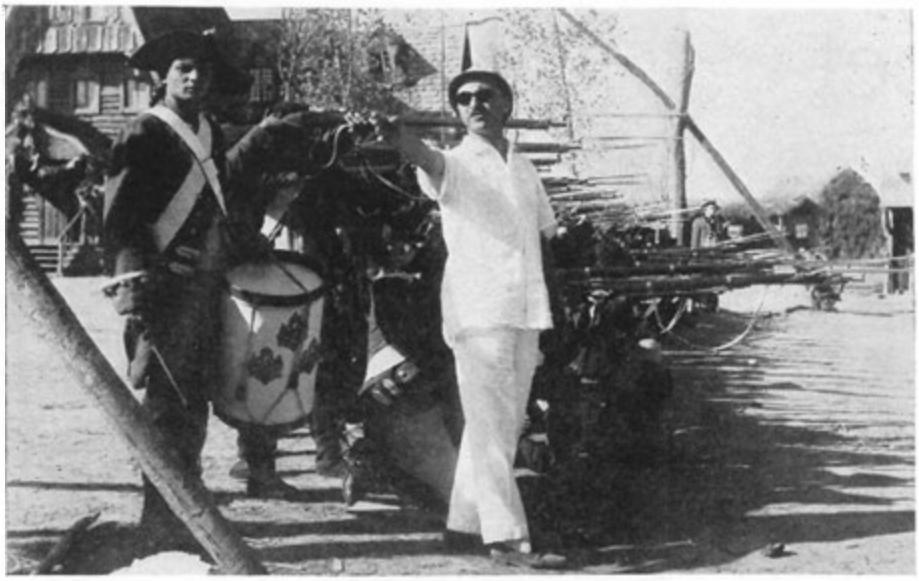
He takes with him a girl he has just picked up, a very attractive girl, who has her feet firmly planted on the earth. During the journey the man discovers that he has not yet quite become a graveyard for human feelings.

Peck is waiting for me to finish *The Sweet Life*. I am very hopeful he will go on waiting till I am free. Gregory is an intelligent guy.

After that ? I know that my friend John Lane (the FILMS AND FILMING representative here, in Rome), thinks I ought to make *Don Quixote*. Would it really be me ? I feel much more at home with modern subjects.

Indeed, now that I think about it, perhaps even the fashions of last year are too "period" for a film I shall make now. I am already interested in 1959. The sack is *so* old-fashioned.

About the Writer . . . Federico Fellini was born in the Adriatic coastal resort of Rimini, Italy, in 1920. He started his career as a cartoonist on the newspaper *Marc' Aurelo* (the Italian equivalent of *Punch*). During this time he also tried his hand at writing scripts for radio. He was successful. In 1943 he met and married Giulietta Masina. When the war ended, Fellini turned his script-writing talents to cinema and wrote the screenplays of *Paisa, In the Name of the Law* and *The Mill on the Po*. Later he met Alberto Lattuada, and collaborated on the scripts of *Rome Open City, Senza Pieta* and *La Citta Si Difende*. On *Europa 51, Il Brigante* and *Di Tacca Del Lupo*, he became assistant director as well as working on the screenplays. *I Vitelloni* was the first film on which he had complete artistic control as director and writer. He has preferred to work this way on *La Strada, Il Bidone* and *Le Notti di Cabiria* (for which he won last year's FILMS AND FILMING citation as "Best Film of the Year"). Fellini has recently written the screenplay for *Fortunella*. His pictures have won numerous awards at international festivals.



We Took the Actors Into the Streets

Location shooting and neo-realism go hand in hand. Here, the director of *Senza Pieta* and *The Overcoat* discusses the importance of working in the streets.

By ALBERTO LATTUADA

SHOOTING " on location " has been used since the beginning of the cinema. It is pointless to give examples, because everyone remembers the extraordinary realism of Chaplin's, Keaton's and Griffith's backgrounds. The famous window in the dentist's surgery through which Stroheim showed us the passing trams of San Francisco and the funeral procession in *Greed* is known to us all.

But even in those years the economic reason was confused with the creative one. In fact, when Stroheim had the walls of real houses pulled down to bring in his camera as if to surprise life in its uncontrolled reality, this method certainly cost much more than a piece of canvas painted by a scenic-artist. Yet, not many years earlier, in France, Méliès would have been unable to shoot a single foot of film " on location " to realise his miraculous fantasies which sprang directly from the extravagant imagination of their director. His pictures could only have been made in the studio with its wealth of constructions.

We should underline the fact that in a good film there are no precise phases of evolution between the studio and location. There are only continual and contrasting creative conditions which depend solely on a director's style.

Theatrical Dialogue

When Hollywood's industrial machine took command of the cinema, we started, above all, to keep count of workers' overtime and the number of daily appearances of the stars. The great period of the " studios " began. Then sound brought to the cinema avalanches of theatrical dialogue. Everything was reconstructed, at first with real iron, real bricks, with rich furniture and ornaments. Cameramen created with lights all the effects the director wanted. It seemed that artistic autonomy had been reached by being able to deform, at one's desire, not only interior architecture, but also external nature, reconstructed in her rarest skies, in her most spectacular tempests. But, as always, every conquest carries the germ of its own corruption. Mannerisms and convention took the upper hand of their creators. Falsity followed and was automatically repeated.

After the last war, especially in Italy, it was this very need for *reality* which forced us out of the studios. It is true that our studios were partly destroyed or occupied by refugees, but it is equally true that the decision to shoot everything " on location " was above all dictated by the desire to express life in the most convincing manner and with the harshness of documentaries. The very spirit of walls, corroded by time and full of the tired signs of history, took on an aesthetic consistency. The actors' costumes were those of the man-in-the-street. Actresses became women again, for a moment. It was a poor but strong cinema, with many things to say in a hurry and in a loud voice, without hypocrisy, in a brief vacation from censorship; and it was an unprejudiced cinema, personal and not industrial, a cinema full of real faith in the language of the film, as a means of education and social progress.

Single Lighting

Arc-lamps and theatrical spotlights, so useful and so anonymous, disappeared. Cameramen knocked nails in everywhere and hung their lamps on them, bringing back with side-lights and the necessity of single lighting the force of the real image. Thrown into the streets and no longer protected by the walls of the studio and by press agents, the actors found again their authentic accents and became integrated with the characters of the non-professional actors, the famous " actors picked-up-in-the-streets." It often happened, in fact, that an open window needed in the scene would fatally disclose the real character of the story needed. The street, so rich in life, so indicative in every country of the character of a people, became our favourite battleground. When we

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ABOVE: Alberto Lattuada, who writes both the articles on this page, is seen directing his troops for a spectacular scene in Tempest, *the film based on two of Pushkin's novels.*

Photo: De Laurentiis-Bosna Film

. . . and some notes about the making of TEMPEST

LET me say first of all that the title *La Tempesta* (literally *The* Tempest) was not my suggestion. I had proposed at least a hundred possible titles for my film, preferring not to use the one which had been immortalised by Shakespeare. I was afraid of Shakespeare: but the producers and distributors of the film were not, and I suppose they were right. Indeed, for the English language version of the film, the article has been dropped, so it isn't quite the same as Shakespeare's title. And I must confess that *Tempest*, with or without the article, is singularly appropriate: the word is rich with significance, both realistically and symbolically—from the tempest of the natural elements, the snowstorm when Peter first meets Pugachev, to that tempest of passions, amorous in respect to the lovers, political and social in respect to the populace in revolt against the tyranny of Catherine the Great.

Pushkin Stories

The film is inspired by two Pushkin stories, *The Captain's Daughter* and *The Revolt of Pugachev*. Having chosen a Russian theme, our first problem was to find the right setting in which to shoot the film. We decided to make the film on location in the steppes of Yugoslavia, constructing the Fort and village on the spot. Mario Chiari, the designer, had already rebuilt Moscow at Cine-Città, for *War and Peace*, so already had a feel for Russian ambientation. We travelled together throughout Yugoslavia looking for the right location. We finally found the ideal site, a great stretch of steppe, with marshes separating it from a small area of land from which a modern asphalt road led in no time to Belgrade. The nearest inhabited area was called Centa, and it was there that, not many weeks later, Dino De Laurentiis and I were exploring our wooden fortress, making plans with Aldo Tonti for the time when the five Technirama cameras would be filming the cavalry charge across the marshes.

Snow Scenes

It was February, and snow was falling on the Fort. So we took advantage of the season and shot some winter scenes with stand-ins for the actors. When the first sunshine of April arrived, it brought with it from Italy our principal players. First, Silvana Mangano, then, from across the Atlantic, came Van Heflin, Geoffrey Horne, Agnes Moorhead, Viveca Lindfors, Oscar Homolka, Robert Keith and Helmut Dantine; from Britain came Finaly Currie and Lawrence Naismith, while Yugoslav actors were recruited by Bosnia from amongst the best in the land. There were seven different nationalities in our cast, so my first task was the not indifferent one of reconciling such contrasting temperaments. Italy is a country famous for its cordiality towards the " foreigner " and, with the help of that age-old " interpreter "—good food and good wine—our troupe, donning the costumes of another age, soon made up a homogeneous entity.

The film was shot in English, following the final shooting script which was written in that language. It was a source of infinite excitement to me that the English language which I love so much, should have become an instrument of my work. While I listened to the lines spoken by Heflin or Miss Moorehead, I realised how difficult it was going to be to translate the concise English dialogue into the

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Putting Gloss on Prison

By **RENATO CASTELLANI**

Here is a director who rejects the idea that film-makers should have an objective social conscience. Castellani (born 1913, *and a script collaborator in the 'thirties with Blasetti and Camerini) believes in putting story and entertainment values first. Here, in describing his new film, the maker of* Romeo and Juliet *and* Due soldi di speranza *describes his attitude to films, audiences . . . and critics.*

HELL IN THE CITY—the title is the producers, not mine—is adapted by Suso Cecchi D'Amico and myself from a novel entitled *Via delle Mantellate*, the street which gives its name to the women's jail of Rome. The street is just behind the famous *Regina Coeli* (*Queen of the Heavens*), the men's prison.

When we first began writing our film adaptation, the intention was to make an almost documentary-like film. It would have been very fragmentary, with many different characters. The action was to pass from inside to outside the prison, weaving a whole tapestry of the lives of the women inmates.

Then it became possible for us to have two great actresses—Magnani and Masina—to play the parts of Egle and Lina, and so the script was written in another way, concentrating more on these two main characters, though there are two other women who have an important influence on the development of Egle's character.

As we worked on the script in this light, we decided to keep the action within the walls of the prison. The camera never goes outside ; but the world outside is always present, hence, perhaps, a justification of the title. Rome, with all its noises and its atmosphere of mid-summer, is always just beyond those walls. The Mantellate prison is situated between the banks of the Tiber and the greenery of the Janiculum Hill. Many of the men or women who end up in the Regina Coeli or the Mantellate come from that same quarter of Rome, Trastevere, roughly the " East End " of the city.

Outside World

This outside world being so close and its sounds so familiar makes it all the worse for the unfortunate inmates. It is the voice of a young man working in a small garage below her cell which awakens in the young Marietta a longing for freedom. She falls in love with this young man just through hearing him sing in the street below.

The two principal dramas of the film, however, are centred around Egle (Magnani) and Lina (Masina). This is the first time I have made a film in which I have two experienced actresses playing the leading roles. (I had the honour to work with Flora Robson in *Romeo and Juliet*, but the Nurse was a secondary role). When you are working with young inexperienced talent—usually the heroes and heroines of my films have been " taken from the streets "—it is easy. You can tell them everything you want them to do, and each piece fits into the mosaic you have conceived in your mind.

Working with two such individualistic personalities as Magnani and Masina, both very great actresses, I had to be prepared to adapt myself to their temperaments. People have asked me what it was like to work with two such vibrant personalities. To make a

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NELLA CITTA L'INFERNO

For the first time Italy's two top actresses have made a film together. Under the gentle hand of Renato Castellani, Anna Magnani and Giulietta Masina play women prisoners in *Nella Citta L'Inferno* **(***Hell in the City***). FILMS AND FILMING has been given exclusive rights to reprint three short scenes from the Suso Cecchi D'Amico and Renato Castellani script. The extracts illustrate the Italian film-makers' art and, in particular, show how to write for two dynamic actresses. The part of Egle is played by Anna Magnani, Lina by Giulietta Masina, Marietta by Cristine Gajoni.**

THE PRISONERS OF Rome's women's jail, *Le Mantellate*, are sitting out on a terrace to watch a film show. It is a summer night. The women of Corridor No. 28 are sitting on the back benches. They are all ecstatic about the clear Roman night air, the smell of the trees from the Janiculum Hill which looms above the jail. Egle looks towards the lights of the Janiculum and the stars in the sky. Sitting beside her is Lina.

EGLE (*turning towards Lina*) : I must have been off my rocker to think of coming back inside at this time of year . . . (*jokingly*) . . . when I think that they're going to let you out so you'll be going to the sea any day now, it makes me so mad I could die.

LINA (*almost with melancholy*) : Where I live there isn't any sea.

EGLE : But in Rome there is. In Rome there's everything. The sea, the city, the Trevi Fountain. This month there's the Festa in Trastevere. Everybody'll be out in the streets. And think of Via Veneto at night, as if it were daytime. And all those foreign tourists. You can't slip up with them.

Egle stands on the bench and waves her arms wildly, shouting with emotion in her voice.

EGLE : Hullo, Rome !

The Mother Superior claps her hands for silence. The feeble lights that there were are turned off and the film begins.

* * *

EGLE, THE PROFESSIONAL criminal, cynical towards everyone, particularly the weak. The latest victim of her sarcasm is Marietta who, though she has been in and out of jail since she was a child, has suddenly discovered the world outside—through listening to a voice of a young garage mechanic shouting in the street below. She was able to see him through a crack in the lavatory window with the help of a mirror. Now Marietta is miserable because the Nuns have discovered the crack. Egle is laughing at her. In a nearby cell one of the prisoners is having labour pains.

EGLE (*speaking to Marietta*) : What's this gloomy face about ? Anybody'd think you'd lost a dear one. . . . What do you think they'll do ? Put us in the isolation cell for a couple of hours. Maybe they'll not send us out for a breather for a fortnight ! What the Hell do we care ! (*Trying to joke*). One

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ABOVE : The two main characters in Castellani's Nella Citta L' Inferno. *Left—Lina, played by Giulietta Masina. Right—Egle, played by Anna Magnani. Photo : Cineriz*

British Humour?— It's the Same in Italy

By Vittorio De Sica

The Brussels Referendum chose De Sica as the greatest director of the contemporary cinema, placing him immediately after Chaplin, Eisenstein and Clair in the directorical heirarchy of the history of the film. He was in England to appear as an actor for the first time in a TV film series. De Sica, who never forgets the warm welcome he always receives in Britain as a director, may now win a new public through his appearances on television. Yet his heart is still in his work as a director, and he hopes to shoot some of his next film in England. Here he writes about the thing British and Italian cinemagoers have in common—a sense of humour.

I HAD just arrived back from London, where I played in the first of a TV series based on the Edgar Wallace idea of *The Four Just Men*. What are my impressions of working in London ; and how did I feel about film-making in Britain ? Well, I can say this much. I feel *at home* in London. Even if it is difficult for me to act in English, it is a pleasure and an honour to have the possibility of doing so.

I want, of course, to work as a director in England. At the time of writing there is a possibility that my next film as a director, *The Last Judgment Begins at Six O'Clock*, will end by being an Anglo-Italian co-production. I sincerely hope so.

As far as English working methods go, I believe there is an analogy with the way we work here in Italy. The only difference is that we speak at the top of our voices while in England you speak under your breaths ; but your vices and defects are the same as ours and, consequently, so are the virtues and merits. You have one great advantage over us : you respect a timetable, which we do not.

British actors are extremely disciplined and are in love with their profession. Here in Italy actors are just as enthusiastic, but they affront the problems of acting with less anxiety. When you begin rehearsing a scene in England it is as if you are taking part in a rite.

I believe that in order to get the best results from a scene it is necessary to find a happy medium between these two systems. One must try to simplify the difficulties as much as possible, to smooth everything out with a smile. That, I suppose, is the Italian temperament.

As far as my new film, *The Last Judgement* . . is concerned, I have discussed the project with the directors of a major British production company. My *Last Judgment* aims to be what we call " grotesque "—a term which we would use to describe the paintings of Breughel, the " cartoons " of Goya or the sketches of Daumier. In other words, this will be a film which is basically humorous, but has a dramatic background.

Such a film, I feel sure, would be understood and appreciated by a British cinema audience.

I am convinced that British humour is not just made up of comic situations, or amusing lessons in morality. Underneath every laugh there is a deeply human observation.

Humour is a difficult art and is possessed only by those peoples who have a profound love for their neighbours and for the human condition.

He is not a good humourist who is not a humanist.

Here, I believe, is the essence of the famous British " sense of humour "—an expression this which we respect so highly that we do not even try to translate it into Italian. That is why an actor such as Alec Guinness is so popular in Italy. He represents everything that we always believed in when we pronounced —badly !—the expression " sense of humour."

It is also why I should be so happy and proud if Guinness would agree to appear in my film if it is an Anglo-Italian production.

The British people are basically good-natured. They are, it is true, the most perceptive critics of Man's weaknesses, his shortcomings and his insecurity. On this they build their humour. In it there is love and there is criticism.

That's why I am sure that the brand of humour which we are injecting into our *Last Judgment* will be such as to delight a British public. It is not a question of being funny for the sake of being funny. This is humour in the service of a genuinely human idea. It is a criticism of our society, a satire of our bourgeois habits and of the world to which the greater number of us belong.

I don't know what the English producers will think of the translation of our script which they are reading as I write these lines. I am certain that if the board of directors of that film company have the same " sense of humour " that I know the British public has, then I cannot see how the board can fail but to accept the collaboration which we propose.

The characters in this film are strictly Italian; but when these Italians are brothers amongst themselves and have a moral faith in common with the rest of mankind, when these men speak the same universal language, then there are no more barriers. For their problems and their joys will be understood by any public anywhere. And especially by one as sensitive to true humourism as the British.

CHARM : Vittorio De Sica (in character for his part in a " Sorrento " film frolic with Loren) is a serious film-maker who does not take life too seriously. He combines an artistic flair with great charm.
Photo : Lumos:film

Person of Promise RENATO SALVATORI

THOUGH Renato Salvatori has seen Maurizo Arena (his fellow Teddy-Boy in the famous money-making *Poor But Handsome* series) rocket to stardom and nation-wide popularity, he has had the consolation to be taken under the wing of Luchino Visconti, the Number One Starmaker in Italy. Though to date Salvatori, like most Italian stars (though not Arena) has been dubbed with another voice on the screen, he is now studying acting.

He has had to appear in the third of the Titanus *Poor . . .* films, now being shot in Spain, and see his name placed after that of Arena (yet, when the film was announced for production a year ago, Titanus thought he, and not Arena, would have become the more popular star, so *his* name got top billing).

Renato Salvatori was born in Forte dei Marmi on March 19, 1933. When he left school he worked as a car mechanic. During the summer he worked as a bathing hut attendant.

During the height of the season at Viareggio, producers Benti and Amidei and director Luciano Emmer were scouting for a Teddy-boy type to appear in the picture they were preparing : *The Girls of Piazza di Spagna.* They spotted Salvatori . . . within hours he was on his way to Rome. Salvatori, along with the substandard " B " pictures, has appeared in a couple of " prestige " pictures, especially the successful *I Soliti Ignoti.*

Currently he is playing opposite Michele Morgan in an episode of *Winter Holidays.* Then he co-stars with Sordi in Rosi's new film, to be made in Germany.

Photo : Unitalia

De Sica's Films . . .

1940—Due Dozzine di Rose Scarlatte (Two Dozen Red Roses).
1940—Madelena Zero in Condotta
1941—Teresa Venerdi
1942—Un Garibaldino al Convento
1943—I Bambini ci Guardano
1944—La Porta del Cielo
1946—Sciuscia (Shoe Shine)
1948—Ladri di Biciclette (Bicycle Thieves)
1951—Miracola a Milano (Miracle in Milan)
1952—Umberto D
1953—Stazione Termini (Indiscretion)
1955—L'Oro di Napoli (Neapolitan Gold)
1957—Il Tetto (The Roof)

THERE MUST BE A REASON FOR EVERY FILM

By director

MICHELANGELO ANTONIONI

LINE-UP : Director Michelangelo Antonioni lines up a scene for Il Grido, *looking through the camera viewfinder to make sure his director of photography has framed the shot exactly as he visualises it. Antonioni gives great attention to detail. His " realist " shots must be technically perfect.*

Michelangelo Antonioni belongs to the same generation as Luchino Visconti. They are the two great " stylists " of the Italian realist cinema. While Visconti was shooting *Ossessione* in 1942, Antonioni was making his first documentary, *Gente del Po*, which was the first Italian film to show real people at work. Several years as a critic and as a documentarist were followed by his first feature film in 1950, *Cronaca di un amore*. Since then it has been a continuous struggle for Antonioni to make the films he wants, often resulting in compromises such as *I Vinti* (1952) or *La Signora senza Camelie* (1953). His two most mature works are *Le Amiche*, which won a Venice Silver Lion in 1955, and *Il Grido* (1957) which now, at last, is beginning a career on the world screens.

IT is very difficult to talk about oneself and, frankly, not a very pleasant thing to have to do. I am a film director, and that explains many things. If I had not become a director, I should have been an architect, I suspect, or maybe a painter. In other words, I feel that I am a person who has things he wants to show rather than things he wants to say. There are times when the two concepts coincide, and then we arrive at a work of art. It is not my place to say whether this has happened to me.

Usually I write the original stories of my films myself, but I never start out with an idea that afterwards turns into a story. Most of the stories which go through my hands in search of form are simply germs which have been breathed in as from the air. If, when the film is finished, it turns out to be saying something, it has happened *a posteriori*, and it is natural enough. I am a human being and I am not lacking in opinions on the affairs of this world. If I make the film in all sincerity, then these opinions will inevitably reveal themselves.

However, it is the story which fascinates me most. The images are the medium through which a story can be understood. To be a lover of form for me means being a lover of substance.

I am very susceptible to landscape. When I am shooting a film, I always try to establish a rapport between characters and landscape. I am most enthusiastic of all about the urban landscape. I like the city. When I am far away from it I feel I have left the world and have detached myself from the struggle of life. In Italy one is accused of being a " regionalist " for saying so much, and I am described as a " man from the North " because I was indeed born and grew up in Northern Italy. But it's wrong.

City Progress

What progress there is, goes on in the cities, and I want to be present.

Ever since I was a boy I have studied music. I let myself be guided by instinct when I have to convey to a composer the musical commentary that I want for a film. Every time I have music in films it means a terrible sacrifice for me.

In my opinion, the image is not enriched but is rather interrupted, even I'd dare to say, vulgarised. The image loses its purity.

If I could, if a producer would let me, I'd assemble a sound track with only natural noises, in which noise itself would be the music. And I'd get a conductor to orchestrate the sounds for me.

My mistakes are the most personal things in my films. I shall not mention them here.

An actor does not have to understand ; he has to *be*. Somebody will object that in order to be, you have to understand. I don't think so. If that were so, the most intelligent actor would also be the best. In reality it is quite otherwise, indeed the complete contrary. It was so from Duse to Garbo.

Intelligence is a brake on an actor, and to use it is equivalent to putting on the brakes. For me the secret is this : to work, not with psychology, but with imagination. It is no use trying to turn it on automatically. Our imagination has no switches which fingers can flick when we wish.

In the cinema, an actor must make the effort to follow what the director tells him as a dog does his master. If you change your direction and take a different street from usual, your dog will raise his head and look at you in surprise ; but at a sign he will come along behind you.

My Secret Process

The method that I prefer to use is to provoke certain results through a " secret process " ; to stimulate the actor by playing on those chords of his being which he himself doesn't, perhaps, know. One must excite his instincts *not* his brain. One mustn't justify, but rather illuminate.

Making a film is not like writing a novel. Flaubert said that living was not his profession : his profession was writing. To make a film, however, is to live, or it is for me. (The illustrious paradigm is merely to give extra value to my point, I should add.)

My personal story is not interrupted during the shooting of a film. If anything, it becomes more intense. This sincerity, this being in one sense or another autobiographical, this pouring, as we say, of all our wine into one barrel, is surely nothing more than a way of taking part in life, adding something that is good—anyway in intentions—to our personal patrimony. Others must judge how rich or poor this is.

It's true that as a film is a public performance, the facts of our personal stories must also become public. I have a very exact feeling today : and by today I mean our epoch, so full of serious events, of anxieties, of fears for the future of Man and, of the whole world. I have the feeling that to continue to talk of some subjects and to ignore others is almost a crime, particularly as we are film men and are, therefore, wide open to public view.

We no longer have any right to believe that our private life will continue to be the same for ever. Says Giraudoux : " There are some moments in which one shouldn't talk about trees because one is angry with trees."

That is the whole *raison d'etre* of neo-realism.

Italian Film Quiz

1. The director of *Neopolitan Gold* was also connected with the following films . . . in what capacity : (a) *A Slice of Life* ; (b) *Shoe Shine* ; (c) *A Farewell to Arms* ; and (d) What is his name ?

2. Dino De Laurentiis chose a British actress as the heroine and an American to direct the film. (a) Name the film ; (b) Name the actress ; (c) Name the director.

3. Who was the buxom wench who caused a carabinieri a lot of trouble in *Pane, Amore e Fantasia* ?

4. The wife played a prostitute, while the husband directed her. The film won a recent Oscar. (a) Name the husband ; (b) Name the wife ; (c) What was the English title of the film ?

5. Anna Magnani has made two trips to Hollywood. (a) What are the names of the films she made there ? (b) Who were her leading men ?

6. Renato Castellani made a film in English for the Rank Organisation. (a) Who wrote the original ? (b) What was it called ? (c) Who played the leads in the film ?

7. (a) Who played the contessa in *Senso* ? (b) What was the English title of the film ? (c) Who directed it ?

8. Signora De Laurentiis appeared in a film shot in Indo-China. (a) What is the signora's professional name ? (b) Who were her male co-stars ? (c) Who directed the film ? (d) What was the title of the film ?

9. Who directed *Amice per la Pelle* ?

10. Cesare Zavattini wrote the screenplays of films that centred around (a) a bill poster; (b) a summer day at the seaside ; (c) an old man. Name the titles of the pictures.

Answers on page 32

Rossellini's India

By *Callisto Cosulich*

Roberto Rossellini, the creator of *Paisa* and *Open City*, has been in eclipse as a serious film-maker since the ill-fated *Stromboli*. Now he makes a comeback with *India*, 1958—described in this article by the distinguished Italian critic, himself a former secretary of the Circolo Italiano del Cinema.

AS I write, Roberto Rossellini is locked behind the doors of a Rome flat, putting the finishing touches to his new film, *India*, 1958. When he comes out into the open again, with the complete film in the can, it will have been four years since we last saw a Rossellini picture. One couldn't exactly call these four years a period of "silence." No director in the world has been involved in such publicity (good and bad) in these last years, as the director of *Open City*.

On the whole, it was a publicity that was not altogether favourable, in that it concerned his private rather than his artistic life. Many of his so-called friends and assistants have lent their names to scandalous articles about the director's activities, giving the general impression that Rossellini's Indian film didn't exist, or if it did, was simply a mass of celluloid which could never be cut into shape—by Rossellini or anyone else. A series of TV films on India, shown in Italy and other countries, were not of a sufficiently high level to arouse ones expectations about the full length film, which he himself claimed to be cutting. This film, originally entitled *The Land Giver*, then *India*, 1957, has finally found a definitive title in *India*, 1958. It promises to restore Rossellini to his place as one of the foremost directors of the Italian Cinema, as a great experimenter and as an artist who has nothing whatsoever to do with what is generally considered "film entertainment."

Planned Twelve

Rossellini went to India in 1956 with the intention of shooting twelve documentaries on various subjects which had been commissioned by Nehru's Government. Naturally, the agreement allowed for him to shoot freely wherever he pleased and to choose his subjects as he wanted, without necessarily sticking to the original plan. In point of fact, he did choose his own subject matter rather than follow the suggestions made to him by his sponsors. The result was, that at the end of his stay he had shot enough material for ten television shorts on "India Without Myths," plus many more thousands of feet for his full-length film; but he had shot only three of the documentaries which had been commissioned.

The Indian Government would have let him prolong his stay if, in the meantime, he had not fallen sick. Then there was the scandal in which he became involved, and which some people think was stirred up in Indian film circles, where there was some jealousy for the presence in their midst of a director as famous as Rossellini. He was thus obliged to leave India, while another Italian director, Romolo Marcellini, took his place, finishing the documentaries which had been commissioned.

This created a complicated financial situation and Rossellini could only resolve it by selling his ten shorts to TV companies. With the money so earned he has been able to finish work on *India*, 1958, shooting some of the interiors in a Paris studio.

I have seen the rough-cut of the film on Rossellini's moviola, installed in the living room of a Rome flat. I can therefore witness that the film does not in any way reflect the fortuitous nature of its production. There is nothing impoverished about it. The film is constructed in the same way as *Paisa*. It has a solid backbone of a truly documentary impulse, aiming to show India from the window of a motor car, from the Himalayas downwards.

During this journey, the individual stories are told in the first person. One of these is the story of a young doctor who is going through the ritual marriage contract ceremony, lasting several days, and all the time telephoning his mistress, a hospital nurse, who is vainly trying to persuade him to adapt himself to the rules of society. Then there is the naive, but legitimate pride of the Muslim from Pakistan who has helped in the building of the Hirakud Dam, passing from the life of a tribesman to that of a specialised worker, and thus jumping three thousand years of social evolution in a brief space of time.

Then there is the rich widow who refuses, out of extreme respect towards her late husband, to sell the house in which they have lived together. There is the scene of the arrival of modern civilisation at a village lost in the jungle, driving away the wild animals, including a tigress who is, in a sense, "saved" by an old peasant who has lived there for many years and who, during the years when he took the cows to graze in those fields, had grown to respect the beast. There is the story of the tamed monkey who is left alone when his master is killed by sunstroke. Then there are the parallel lives of an elephant and his keeper, whose existence is almost completely conditioned by the daily needs of the animal, even to the exclusion of sentimental or family relations.

No Legend

The transition from fact to fiction is excellently handled. One hardly notices it. The film thus acquires a profound sense of truth and gives us an image of India that is one hundred per cent realistic. There is no need to add that here we are not in the territory of the legendary India, the colourful folklore which so many films, even Renoir's, have shown us. There is no *enchantment*, even in the jungle. This is the bare daily reality. This is life as we expect to meet it outside our own front doors. Yet, Rossellini has not lost sight of his main object, which was to show us the change from the old to the new. In his mind was a clear image of an India that was not closed inside museums, but alive in the streets, in the fields, in the jungle villages which suddenly are in the middle of modern civilisation.

Rossellini's personal style dominates *India*, 1958. There is nothing here of the lyricism of Flaherty. Rossellini's animals are not those of Disney. His workers and peasants are seen in tales which have no connection with the documentaries of Ivens, or Grierson or the Russians.

I wrote that the film resembled *Paisa* in structure. Indeed, *India*, 1958, seems to mark a return to the origins of neo-realism, of which Rossellini was the first poet. The dramatic subtleties in the new film, however, would not have been possible if after his early films, Rossellini had not made *Francis, God's Fool* and *Trip to Italy*. These two films, which have been variously interpreted by the international critics, in spite of certain weaknesses and unevenness—played an important part in the director's artistic development.

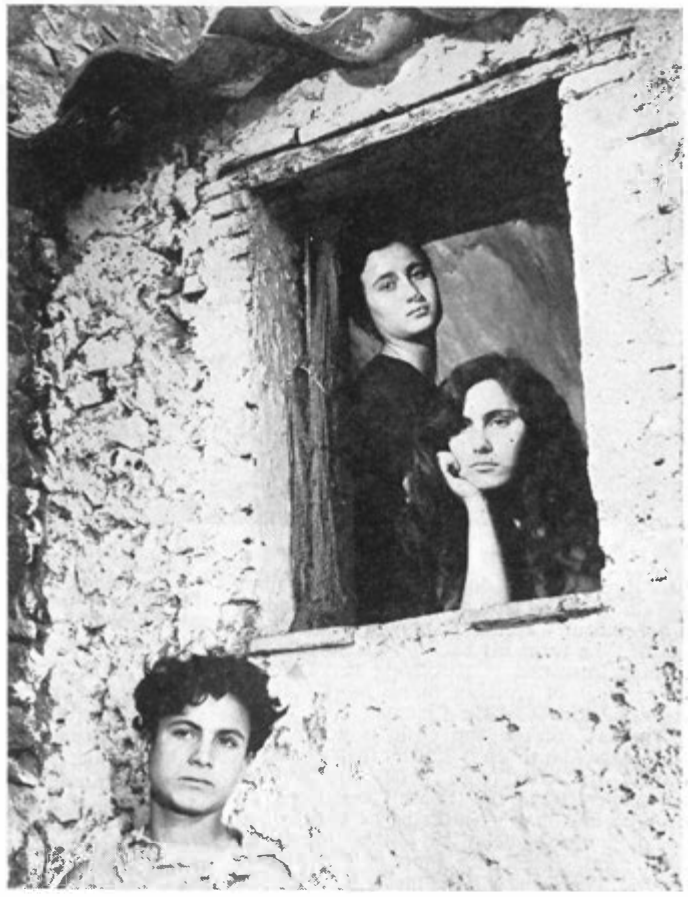
After we have seen *India*, 1958, in its completed form, it will be interesting and useful to take another look at some of the "rejected" films which Rossellini has made during recent years. Perhaps we will find some precious jewels which we had carelessly discarded as worthless.

TOILERS: Roberto Rossellini has spent months in India making a film that strips the country of all romantic legends and presents its people, its way of life and its hopes for the future in a similar way to the neo-realist *masterpieces of early Italian cinema. This scene has been taken from a frame of Rossellini's film,* India, 1958, *and shows workers toiling in the heat of the day as they build a dam.*

A Style is Born

By FILMS AND FILMING Rome Correspondent
JOHN FRANCIS LANE

IN all the criticism which has been written about the Italian film renaissance of these last fifteen years, very little has been said outside of Italy about what is perhaps the most significant contribution by Italian film-makers to the history of the Cinema : namely, the cultural value of those Italian critics, many of whom were later to become directors or screenwriters themselves, who have made of the film a definite feature of their national culture, perhaps indeed, now we can take a perspective, as the most important development in the arts of Italy during the present century. Not since the time of Verdi has there been such creative activity in this country. The Italian language being peculiarly limited in its poetic and psychological range—in spite of what Dante achieved—it is in the field of criticism that it has succeeded in finding its true value. It is not surprising that in creative terms, the Italians, past masters of the visual arts, should find an instinctive outlet in the medium of the film.



EXPRESSION : A scene from Luchino Visconti's La Terra Trema (1948). *When the film opened in New York, Tennessee Williams wrote an eulogy of it for an American magazine and paid homage to the director he most admired.*

The writings of the Milanese critic, Guido Aristarco, are a typical example of the approach made by the more serious among Italian critics to the cultural problems raised by the theories of the film. Aristarco was editor of *Cinema*, a magazine published during the golden period of neo-realism. Later, when neo-realism went into crisis and the industry began to out-grow itself commercially, Aristarco founded his own magazine, *Cinema Nuovo*, which, for five years, set itself the task of a revision of film theory and of a defence of the realist impulses thatwere suppressed by commercial and political pressure.

The Italian Cinema that emerged between 1943 and 1948 had its historical and political roots in the upheaval which was going on in the country, and the uncertainty—only too justified, as events proved—of the social security offered by the future. Those films were not necessarily tied to any party shoestrings, in spite of the preponderance of Communists amongst the intelligentsia who were lifting off the shackles of Fascism. Marxist theorising was a guide for many ; but it was not the non plus ultra for aesthetics. The creation came first, then the theories. And that, too, took on a *national* character. Gramsci, it is true, to whom Aristarco and many others look for the co-ordination of their ideas, had been the founder of the Italian Communist Party in 1921 ; but one wonders today whether Gramsci, had he not died after years in one of Mussolini's prisons, would still be at Togliatti's side in the leadership of the party. Even after Hungary ? Gramsci, with Lukacs and Mao, are the great theorists of Marxism whose ideas exceed the bounds of the politics of the " cold war," or the struggle for power in war or in peace, which is continuously going on in East and West in the name of Communism or Anti-Communism.

To use these terms when writing about the cinema is not a usual practice in Anglo-Saxon countries, not even in the pages of the *New Statesman* (where it should be). Even in Italy, where theorising is more readily taken for granted, a critic such as Aristarco has finally been obliged to change his more popular fortnightly *Cinema Nuovo* into a bi-monthly, now more of a pamphlet of essays on aesthetics. His publisher, Feltrenelli, who would no longer support the burden of the fortnightly's losses, is the man who first published Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago* in the West—a millionaire, with yachts named *Leningrad* and *Moscow*—and who left the Communist camp after Hungary.

Aristarco knows what political persecution is like from his own personal experiences in the hay-day of neo-realism. He once published a story by Renzo Renzi about Italian soldiers during the campaign in Greece. It was a suggested film script, an honest fictionalised account of Renzi's own war-time experiences in that army, which was nicknamed *s'agapo* (Greek for *I Love You*). The Italian Ministry of Defence, who were to cut chunks out of Visconti's *Senso* because it told the truth about Italian defeats during the Risorgimento, were even more sensitive about recent history. Renzi and Aristarco were arrested, put in jail (as ex-soldiers who had insulted their own army) and finally sentenced. There was a good deal of indignation in Italy at the time ; but the world didn't call Aristarco and Renzi martyrs of freedom, as Pasternak has become.

Some years ago, before I came to live in Italy, a friend who has now become a rather well known English critic, expressed to me his disgust at the Italian magazine *Bianco e Nero*, because several long articles in it never mentioned a single film title.

I saw his point.

Since then, I have learned to read what is contained in those articles and I have learned to understand that those articles in *Bianco e Nero* by Chiarini or Barbaro and their colleagues, made it possible for the De Sicas and Viscontis, the Rossellinis and Antonionis to go on creating the Italian Cinema which, for all the crises and death agonies which have been diagnosed for it, is still a vital force in our contemporary European culture.

Disturbed Critics

There is a school of criticism in Britain which accepts as " jolly good film art " various musicals, westerns and thrillers. This school makes some allowances for lyricism à la Flaherty, or the *avant-garde* efforts which still trickle across the Channel. Yet these people have been somewhat disturbed by the advent of the Italian realist films which belonged to no category—though behind them was the same impulse which had inspired the best early Soviet Cinema and the British documentaries.

Like it or not, every poll on the Ten Best of all time cannot help but include *Bicycle Thieves* somewhere near the top. *Ossessione*, *Open City*, *Paisan*, *La Terra Trema*, *Umberto D.*, *Senso* and *Il Grido* are the thread of which *Bicycle Thieves* is only one strand. The westerns and the musicals, however good they are as sophisticated entertainment, have nothing to do with the creative life of our times.

Why, then, give them such importance ?

Is it just American influence ?

The films of De Sica, Visconti, Rossellini, Antonioni and the other " realists " are not occasional works by separate individuals, however *personal* the style may be in each case. They are part of a movement which only now can we begin to see in its true light. That is why, at the moment when the whole film industry, and not only in Italy, is *en crise*, I protested (with others) so violently against the deviation of Visconti in his most recent film, *White Nights*.

It is why a film such as *La Strada*—which is disputable as a work of art, even on the individualistic level—is even more dangerous by aesthetic standards when critics hail it blindly as a " poetic masterpiece," and then consider it as a typical product of the Italian realist cinema. Fellini can be judged as an artist by his own standards, and he has his claims to genius. I am far from insisting

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YANKS AND MONKS: The famous monastry sequence from Rossellini's film of the Italian re-awakening to life at the time of the liberation, Paisa (1945). *Federico Fellini made a major contribution to this sequence.*

that directors who do not make realist films have no right to laudits. I am just defending a movement. Fellini is only superficially a realist; he turns his back on his society and is only interested in parodying it. There is no element of criticism in his work. He is truly the Proust of the Cinema.

The task of the film critic is not just to choose the film which is " better than average," though the critic who writes for popular newspapers (even the " posh " ones) can do little beyond that. Naturally, he is delighted when, in the midst of his dismal round, he finds gems such as the films of a Fellini or Ingmar Bergman. There must, however, be a place for the critics who, like an Aristarco and many other Italians, find a trend in the cinema which relates to a moment in our history. We are living in an age in which our conceptions of art and science are changing in a more radical way than has happened since the Renaissance. What Galileo and Copernicus were to the later Middle Ages and Leonardo da Vinci to the succeeding generations, so for our mid-20th Century are Einstein and the creators of the Sputnik and Lunik, or Eisenstein and Picasso and the Italian film realists in the realm of the arts. Nobody can begin to affront serious film criticism today without a preliminary reading of a work such as Arnold Hauser's *Social History of Art*.

What is going on in the creative life of these 'fifties that are now almost at a close?

In Britain, the so-called Angry Young Men are raising a faint voice of protest; and, with or without doses of anger, the plays and novels (but not the films) are pouring out.

In America, the Beat Generation, a movement of social isolation, produces its rebels without a cause and a few novels in the Dos Passos tradition.

In France, in the wake of Existentialism and a Sartre, who has never given us the promised and long-awaited final volume of *Les Chemins de la liberté* (did he run into a *cul-de-sac*?), we have, in recompense for the silence of a Camus and the loyalty of a Malraux to De Gaulle, the *tricheurs* of Marcel Carné and the *jeunes solitaires* (Dassin's phrase) of Françoise Sagan. We also have a few films, but though an Astruc goes into raptures over Antonioni's *Il Grido*, he doesn't learn a lesson from it.

What we have from Germany (Western) I don't really know; but seemingly just a score of versions of Tommy Steele-cum-Horst Buchholtz in black leather jeans and very little art worth exporting. Italy also has what it calls the *gioventù bruciata*, which an Italian critic, writing about John Osborne, recently translated into English (as if *we* had invented it !) with a literaral verosimilitude quite disarming, as " burnt-up youth." Like its German counterpart, these burnt-up young things are merely thriving on " life for life's sake "—though there is more of a class distinction in Italy because you don't see riots amongst the young for the teenage idols. In Italy there are not the same suicidal tendencies that one notes in the Quartier Latin.

The creative world in Italy is quite apart from this *gioventù bruciata*. Between the two there is a great gap called the Vatican. And ne'er the twain shall meet ! Though Fellini, appropriately enough, is now embarking upon the ambitious project of portraying the burnt-up ones through his own personal eye-glass. We will see whether, for once, he takes a position or merely remains the observer. We will see whether his older and maturer Moraldo is still the sentimentalist who waved goodbye to the tearful young boy at the end of *I Vitelloni*.

Visconti, after hinting at too much sympathy for the decadents of his *Senso*, has succumbed to the temptation of a return to the 'twenties, a historical contradiction; it is Diaghilev without Picasso, Picasso without Guernica. His own roots were in the Renoir of *La Regle du Jeu* and not the Renoir of *The Golden Coach* and *The River*. The rock-n'-roll sequence in *White Nights* is a *pièce de resistance* but is treated almost as a dream seen through the eyes of the Maria Schell character. What is really effective, and is the closest Visconti comes to his true self in this whole film, is the reaction of Mastroianni's Mario. Without ever becoming clownish, Mastroianni conveys something of the perplexity of a simple-minded provincial bourgeois coming into contact with a world of fantasy that, in the case of rock-n'-roll, is far from being a dreamed-up circumstance. Tomorrow he will return to the reality of his monotonous existence as a clerk. This " sleepless night " of Mario is the one moment in the film when Visconti succeeds in doing to Dostoievsky what he did to Verga in *La Terra Trema* and to Cain in *Ossessione*.

Visconti's Successor

We have, perhaps, a successor to Visconti in his own former assistant, Francesco Rosi. Although his much-acclaimed film *La Sfida* is modest in pretensions, it has, nevertheless, shown us that the true spirit of the realist movement is still alive, in spite of over-intellectualisations as in Maselli, Lizzani and De Santis. Rosi's Naples film is far from being just the thriller for which category its American-style technique would seem to qualify it.

How important is the relationship between the neo-realist film movement and the politics of the post-war Italian Republic, is indicated by the new celebrated letter which an Under-Secretary to the Prime Minister wrote to De Sica when *Umberto D.* was first shown. This is what he wrote among other things: " We ask the man of culture to feel his social responsibility, which should not be limited to description of the abuses and miseries of a system and a generation . . . If it is true that

PERIOD PIECE: Alida Valli co-starred with Farley Granger in his first Italian film, Visconti's Senso (The Wanton Countess) (1954). *Based on a short story by the 19th Century Italian writer, Camillo Boito,* Senso *tells of the indiscretion of a Venetian noble-woman with a dissolute young Austrian officer.*

LITTLE BOY : Vittorio De Sica's Bicycle Thieves (1949) *was a twofold study—the relationship between a small boy and his father (both played by non-professionals), and the major problem of unemployment in post-war Italy.* Bicycle Thieves *was the epitome of "neo-realism." (left).*

BIG BOY: Massimo Girotti and Elio Marcuzzo (right) in Visconti's Ossessione (1943). *This film launched the Italian neo-realist cinema. The film bears the imprint of the rugged American literature of the 'thirties which had been circulating almost clandestinely in Italy at the time the film was made. With* Ossessione, *Visconti has arrived.*

evil can be fought by harshly spotlighting its most miserable aspects, it is also true that De Sica has rendered bad service to his country if people throughout the world start thinking that Italy in the middle of the 20th Century is the same as in *Umberto D.* . . . We beg him never to forget this small duty of healthy and constructive optimism, which really encourages humanity to move forward and hope."

Historians may have quite a lot to say about Italy in the middle of the 20th Century, thanks to De Sica and his school. The clerical regime which was threatened at the time this letter was written—in the cause of Anti-Communism—has not met its downfall, anyway, not yet. That same Under-Secretary, however is in the Christian Democrat Party, a leader of the right-wing current, and would be a candidate for the Premiership in the event of an open return to Conservatism.

This is not the place for a political tract, and I am sure that readers of a film magazine are not interested in the complexities of Italian politics ; but one cannot write about the creative life in a neo-democracy such as Italy without reflecting to some degree on the political climate. Carlo Lizzani concluded his history of the Italian Cinema with these words : "Our Cinema is tied to the fate of Italian society and its progress. It demands the freedom to take inspiration from Italian reality as it has been developing in these last years ; the freedom to respond to the great sentiments of social and moral renaissance which are upsurging in the country."

Film in China

Lizzani, after years of silence, recently made a film in China, *The Great Wall of China*, which is a purely folkloristic descriptive piece, without taking into consideration any of the great social forces at work in the China of Mao. For a Communist such as Lizzani, this was a compromise with the demands of the commercial market, which only reflects the degree of disillusionment in the hearts of many directors in Italy today. Lizzani's documentary, needless to say, is a great box-office hit.

The other compromise of the Italian Cinema has been the "rosy realism," which has brought with it a breath of that "healthy and constructive optimism" for which the Under-Secretary asked. This mood was already apparent in Zampa's films *To Live in Peace* and *Angelina*, both of which were confused with neo-realism when shown in Britain at the same time as the first films of De Sica and Rossellini. Castellani is the main scapegoat for "rosy realism," with his *Two Pennyworth of Hope*, written by that same Ettore Margadonna, who was to continue the series, without Castellani's more acute sense of human observation, in the Bread-Love cycle. The Bread-Love cycle has itself lead to the Roman Teddy Boy films and the latest Lollobrigida comedy, *Anna of Brooklyn*, in which landscape and peasants are just as the tourist agency in New York described them. The ending of Castellani's *Two Pennyworth of Hope* is like the final scene of a comedy by Eduardo De Filippo, the great Neapolitan actor and playwright, who continues the tradition of the Commedia dell'Arte in his plays or adaptations. But even Eduardo, in his happier meetings with the cinema, has transformed two of his plays, *Naples Millionaire* and *Filumena Marturano*, into works which are close to the spirit of the realist films.

Rossellini is still, perhaps, the key figure in this whole movement. One can forgive him for an occasional display of charlatanism. It is good to hear that he is on the road to a come-back. I have not seen his *India*, 1958 at the time of writing, but the first of his TV shorts on India indicate that he is in his familiar vein. Rossellini has taught us to tear down our old standards. He has massacrated our film aesthetics as the cubists did those of 19th Century art.

Lacking Technique

Scores of books have been written on the technique of the film, even by men such as Arnheim, who never had anything to do with the production of a film. All these writings have a contribution to make ; but when we come to study the realist films we find that technique doesn't count. Chaplin and Von Stroheim were naive in their technique ; Rossellini and De Sica were quite raw ; Bresson and Antonioni defy all the rules. These are all important steps in the progress to realism.

In Rossellini's first shots of India there is some of the naivity of Lumiére's first trains coming into the station. This does not take the Cinema back sixty years. Rossellini is not just photographing second-rate snake charmers as a novelty. He is unpicking for us the myths of the tourist's "fabulous" India.

The same effect comes from Visconti's

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LONG LOOK : Steve Cochran and Dorian Gray in a scene from Michelangelo Antonioni's Il Grido (The Cry), *"a measured portrait of human solitude." This scene had trouble in passing the Italian censor. Cochran is co-starred in the film with Alida Valli and Betsy Blair.*

What WE Think

IN CAMERA

Why Aren't These Films Shown?

ITALIAN Cinema is a young Cinema. There were many Italian films made before the Second World War but, apart from a few silent classics (when Italy was teaching Hollywood something about spectacle), few films were made of any significance—either social or artistic. Then came the new direction, born from the rubble of a crushed decade. To it was given the name: Neo-Realism.

At no other time has a style, developed by a few great artists of the Cinema, had such world-wide repercussions. There cannot be any serious film-maker, in any country, who has not been moved, either for or against, by the work of Rossellini, De Sica, Visconti and men like them.

★ ★ ★

Italy has won more major awards at the international festivals than any other film producing country; and in their critical appraisals of contemporary Cinema, writers invariably refer to Italian work in the way that a quarter of a century ago they referred to the styles established by the great French artists such as Clair, Renoir and Duvivier.

Unfortunately for the British filmgoer, whereas the great masterpieces of French cinema have been widely shown, many of the great contemporary Italian pictures have not reached Britain at all—even at the National Film Theatre.

★ ★ ★

We have not been shown Antonioni's Venice award (1955) film *Le Amiche*, or his much-acclaimed *Il Grido* (1957). Neither have we seen Pietro Germi's Cannes award film *The Railwayman* (1956), or his more recent *Man of Straw*. Even De Sica has not been treated much more liberally. His great achievement, *Umberto D*, had but a limited showing; and his charming *Il Tetto* has not seen the light of day. And there are many more such victims.

We cannot understand why, when British audiences respond to Bergman (Sweden), Ray (India), Kurosawa (Japan) or Wajda (Poland), they are not given the chance by distributors and exhibitors to support some of the best Italy has to offer. Or does Wardour Street honestly believe the only thing Italy has to offer is the Loren figure and the Magnani temper? We hope not.

A NEW and rather frightening trend in popular cinema is discussed this month by Clayton Cole in his report from Hollywood. The "B" picture market—once the almost exclusive preserve of the Western, the Gangster and the Campus Caper—has been flooded by "social documents" with a teenage appeal. The films glorify rather than condemn the teenage delinquent. They have ousted Frankenstein in box-office popularity.

Even more alarming is the endorsement given some of these films by people in American police, legal and social welfare organisations, who appear to be more concerned with seeing their own faces on the screen than with the harm these films are doing to young people.

Some of the "long hair" critics, their own lives far removed from the problems of adolescence in large industrial cities, have almost convinced themselves that this trash is an important new direction.

In January, we made one such teenage "social document"—*Cry Baby Killer*—our Talking Point. It certainly made people talk.

Now I can reveal that the British Board of Film Censors has taken note. In one case it has slashed as much as a thousand feet from a film of this kind. Another, *The Party Crashers* (about a gang of teenagers who crash other people's parties), may not get a certificate at all. The Board puts it in *The Wild One's* category—that is, the kind of film it could be dangerous if British teenagers were to emulate.

We have seen many of these cheap, badly-made films. We are right behind the Board. The films are dishonest, sensational and as dangerously degrading as that other aberration of the American way of life—the horror comic.

New Direction for BFI?

BRITISH FILM INSTITUTE members will be surprised to know that the Institute is thinking of devoting some of its resources to television. Talks are going on which might encourage the Institute to publish a television magazine, in return for a subsidy from one of the major networks. (Granada has been mentioned as the fairy godmother.)

It is problematical how the Institute could remain independent while taking a slice of one TV programme company's cake; but what will be of more concern to its thousands of members (who joined because it is the *Film* institute) is that the B.F.I. should worry about TV at all, when so many things remain to be done if its services to cinema are to be fully developed beyond the limits of London's West End and into the provinces.

I would have thought that the new Society of Film and Television Arts (representing the combined forces of the British Film Academy and the Guild of Television Producers and Directors) was more than capable of looking after the esoteric interests of TV.

Cold Cheer

I WAS invited one cold winter's morn to trek to a West End hotel where, I was told, a copy of the film, *Nudist Paradise*, was to be presented to His Grace the Duke of Bedford.

At last, I thought, a change from the dreary cocktail parties at which unknown starlets discuss the films a hardened journalist like me knows they are unlikely to make. I was sadly disillusioned. The dook wore jeans (or something not too unlike them).

It's "Death"

"THE climax of *The Unfaithful* is memorable"—*The Times*. That is what many cinemagoers can now read on the posters outside cinemas showing *The Unfaithful*.

What few of the customers will realise is that the film is, in fact, that distinguished J. A. Bardem picture, *Death of a Cyclist*. Mondial Films, the company distributing it, presumably thinks *Death of a Cyclist* is not a sufficiently sexy title.

I wonder what the critic of *The Times* thinks—having his original comment compromised in this way. I known what I think. It's disgraceful.

Festival Anniversary

PLANS are going ahead for celebrations of the twentieth Venice Film Festival this year. The first international film festival was in 1932, but during the war years the event was suppressed.

The festival director, Dr. Ammannati, plans to make this year's traditional "retrospective," or museum programmes, tell the story of these twenty festivals by showing the films which have won prizes.

Many of the Venice prizewinners have been

Flashback

APRIL, 1934: American censor Will Hays has just formulated 12 new "commandments" for the industry. (1) Girls must not be posed in lingerie, panties or less. (2) Girls must not be seen lifting skirts to reveal legs, garters or "gussets." (3) Girls must not be shown in suggestive positions, showing legs above the knees or sections of the thigh. (4) No fan dance shots may be shown in which certain parts of the anatomy are covered only by fans, feathers, lace or transparent material. (5) No shots of chorus girls in silhouette showing outlines of figures through filmy garments. (6) No bawdy scenes appealing to the salacious-minded. (7) No "stills" of horizontal love scenes may be taken. (8) Advertising copy must not misrepresent what the film is about. (9) The word "courtesan," or any synonym, must not be used in advertising copy. (10) Dialogue must not be reprinted from films in advertising to make pictures seem something else besides what they are. (11) Advertising must not appeal to persons seeking the "unclean" in films. (12) Advertising must not make out that a character in a film is base dishonest.

One censor problem was (illustrated) Mae West and Gilbert Roland in She Done Him Wrong.

epoch making in the history of the cinema, from *Ecstasy*, shown in 1932, to *Rashomon* in 1951. I wonder if they will also show some of the famous films which did *not* win prizes in the Lido but have, nevertheless, won an important place in the history of cinema. Most notable examples are two films of Visconti, *La Terra Trema* (which won a minor prize in 1948) and *Senso*.

Once upon a time there were up to twenty prizes awarded. Now Dr. Ammannati has whittled them down to two, the coveted Golden Lion, and a Special Prize which can be divided into two (as it was last year for Malle and Rosi). Then there are the two Volpi Cups, for best actor and actress, named after Count Volpi, a Venetian noble who founded the Festival.

Private Lives

THE four million readers of the London *Daily Express* read a penetrating survey by the paper's show-columnist, Peter Evans, on the CIBA psychiatrist's findings on the mental health of Hollywood. The complete text was first featured in last month's FILMS AND FILMING (" Private Lives," page 27).

Can it happen in Britain ? Dirk Bogarde thinks not. He told the *Express* : " I suppose it depends on one's background. If one week you are a truck driver or a gasoline attendant and the next you are a big film star, it may go to your head.

" But take my own case. And I am a pretty average type of British star. My development has been gradual. So, naturally, there is no danger. I only know a handful of British film people who go to psychiatrists—and they are all failures."

Gogol's Turn

RUSSIAN literature seems to be in vogue right now amongst cineasts. After Tolstoy and Dostoievsky, now Pushkin with Lattuada's *Tempest* and Dieterle's *The Avenger*. Next it is the turn of Gogol. Robert Aldrich is down in the Mediterranean area making plans for a Yugoslav-American co-production for a three million dollar film of *Taras Bulba*, with Anthony Quinn.

Aldrich prefers to work in Europe ; but he doesn't think that colossals will solve the crisis of the cinema. He is planning to make one just the same. He expects to start shooting mid-July.

Chevalier's Life

MAURICE CHEVALIER, who was in London for the opening of *Gigi*, was telling me that Hollywood wants to film his life story ; but when he discovered (like the Jolson film biography) he was not going to be in it, he refused to sign the contract. So there has been some top level re-thinking, and a new script is being produced in which a comparatively unknown will play the young Chevalier (with the master's voice dubbed) and Chevalier will play himself from the 50 mark onward. He is now 71—and looks nearly half the age.

He gives completely honest answers to the scores of journalists' questions and, unlike many other top artists, has a knack of being truthful without being offensive.

He is now re-conquering Hollywood, which put him at the top in world cinema in the 'thirties. " Now I have to appeal to a new generation. Method ? No. Technique ? A little. But all an artist really needs to succeed is sincerity."

Chevalier's main dislike is television. Art and spontaneity don't mix, he argues ; but the spontaneity of television is ideal for news and quiz shows. The artist in Chevalier yearns first for the theatre, then the cinema.

Social Comment

A PLEASANT sidelight on cinema was recently provided by *Punch* magazine, whose exhibition of cartoons dealing with Fifty Years of Cinema graces the foyer of the Leicester Square Theatre.

Seeing several hundred cartoons spanning the years in this way, emphasises the power the fun-makers have to provide social comment. From the agonies of the first tip-up seats to the absurdities of the wide screen—*Punch* at the cinema has observed it all.

Talking Point

The Cinema has taken material from the novel and from the stage play and, with few exceptions, skilfully shaped that material to its own advantage. Occasionally the Cinema makes an excursion into the other arts—opera and ballet.

Ballet has been increasingly popular ever since Moira Shearer captivated world audiences in The Red Shoes.

In recent months we have seen a full length picture record of the Bolshoi Ballet. Now the Rank Organisation has filmed Britain's own Royal Ballet.

The illustration is of Maurice Bejart and Michele Seigneuret in Symphonie pour un Homme Seul, a movement from Louis Cuny's Cine-Ballets de Paris *(another dance from which was shown at this year's Royal Film Performance).*

Sometimes the camera only records a stage performance. Other times (like in Cuny's film) the cinema technique becomes an integral part of ballet technique.

Is this mixing of two art forms a good thing for cinema ? Or should cinema leave ballet to the theatre and seek its own new, exclusive, horizons ? It's certainly a Talking Point.

Photo : Celia Films

The Amazing Welles

THE amazing Orson Welles, one of the stars in Lewis Gilbert's *Ferry to Hong Kong*, achieved in his " spare time " while on location shooting in Hong Kong to : Edit his (own) latest film ; work on the preliminaries of a Shakespeare production ; write a series of long essays for a top American magazine ; and shoot film of Hong Kong life for a TV show.

Does Welles do all or any of these things easily ? He says " No. I don't do anything easily. When I write I have to lock myself in my room. Writing does not come easily to me either."

So why is Welles so occupied ? Because he has that urge, that creative instinct to *do* something. Some people have it. The fortunate ones direct their energies into useful and profitable channels—like Welles. The rest fritter their energies away.

About these extra activities of his : his film is a present-day version of Don Quixote. In it he tilts at bulldozers and admits it is " unusual."

His Shakespearean play is *Merchant of Venice*, set in 18th century Venice, which he plans to stage in London soon.

His essays are " about anything."

And of his TV film he says : " I don't know what I shall do yet . . . I might do anything." That's Welles !

Writers' Views

H. E. BATES, Britain's top-selling author (he wrote *The Purple Plain* and *The Darling Buds of May*), takes a poor view of the way Hollywood handles many of the novels it buys for filming. He has agreed to write for FILMS AND FILMING—and puts the author's point of view in an issue which turns the spotlight on screenwriting.

In this exciting new issue (out next month) you can read another angle on writing by the Hollywood film scenarist, Daniel Taradash (he was responsible for *From Here to Eternity* and *Bell, Book and Candle*, both adaptations of other writers' work).

Other top names contributing include Frederick Gotfurt, scenario editor at Associated British Picture Corporation ; the four leading French film writers—Ronald Laudenbach (*Le Défroqué*), Pierre Bost (*Jeux Interdits*), Jean Aurenche (*Gervaise*) and Henri Jeanson (*Pot-Bouille*), discuss trends in French cinema ; and the American comedy team, Melville Shavelson and Jack Rose (they recently wrote *Houseboat*), write about children (not too seriously !).

And in the same issue, you can read the fabulous Bette Davis on almost every topic from The Method to the shortcomings of TV. It's quite a *tour de force*. It's one of the many reasons why most people are changing to FILMS AND FILMING. Make sure of your copy by giving your newsagent a regular order—or you may be disappointed.

Anger's History

KENNETH ANGER, who made *Fireworks*, is about to make another controversial film. A colleague who met Anger in Paris recently tells me that the American-born film-maker has just finished a short, *Pleasure Dome*, which claims to be one stage ahead of the fabulous Mike Todd Jr.'s " smellie." When Anger's film is projected, the leading lady's entrance is accompanied by Schiaperelli perfume sprayed among the audience.

Now Anger is planning to film *Historie d'O* the study of sex taboos.

CUTTINGS

I'm told that painters don't like it ; but there isn't a trade in the world that likes to have one of its own kind represented as amoral. Actors are the only people who never seem to object to being represented as drunk or profligate, or to be upset by the constant misrepresentations of their methods of work.—Alec Guinness, writing in the *Observer*, about *The Horse's Mouth*.

* * *

My attitude to film-making is really quite simple. I just keep reminding myself . . . what are all those seats in a cinema for ?—Alfred Hitchcock in the *News Chronicle*.

* * *

I have more important things to do than get married. I am starting a new film next week. —Brigitte Bardot in the *News Chronicle*.

* * *

I got nothin' to sell but sincerity, and I've been sellin' it like blazes ever since I found I had it.—John Wayne in the *Observer*.

* * *

One day the hotel manager roused her at 6.30 *a.m. for a* 2 *p.m. recording session, and even then she was* 15 *minutes late.*—Report on Marilyn Monroe in the *Daily Express*.

THESE FACES WILL WIN TOP PLACES

1959 looks as though it will be a prosperous year (both artistically and financially) for Italian Cinema. With directors like De Sica, Fellini and Visconti at work on new films, and artists of the calibre of Magnani and Masina appearing in front of the cameras, plus a host of bright newcomers (which we feature here) on their way to the top, Italy will add to its laurels as a world film power.

THE INTERNATIONAL STAR

After Brazzi, Lollobrigida, Loren and the others, the latest Italian offering to the World Cinema is Rosanna Schiaffino (right), who made her name in Rosi's *La Sfida* (left). Rosanna, still only nineteen, not only looks well, but can also act. Unlike most of her predecessors, she has even dubbed herself in her first films. Now she has learned English in order to play the lead in William Dieterle's *The Avenger*, shot in Yugoslavia and, like *Tempest*, based on a Pushkin story.

LEADING LADY

Eleonora Rossi Drago (centre), is still the most beautiful woman amongst Italian actresses. Her adventurous stage début playing one of Chekov's *Three Sisters*, proved that she could act, given the right part and the right director (in that case, Visconti). That performance identified her with the heroines of Russian Literature, and has given her the role of Anya in a TV serial of Turgenev's *Fathers and Sons*. This has also brought her back to the attention of producers and public, who haven't seen her in a good film role since Antonioni's *Le Amiche*.

LEADING MAN

Marcello Mastroianni (right) is by no means a *new* name to enthusiasts of the Italian Cinema, but he is one who has managed to survive the invasion of the Teddy Boys and maintain his place as Italy's most distinguished leading man. He, too, was at one time obliged to act the parts of chauffeurs and waiters with a Roman dialect—and he did it very well. Then he went into co-production with Visconti to make their *White Nights*; the film didn't have the success they all hoped for, but even the bitterest opponents of this film all hailed Mastroianni for his characterisation. Now, as star of Fellini's *The Sweet Life*, he has the part of his life.

NEW FACES

Raf Mattioli and Carla Gravina (left) were chosen by some Italian city which awards annual "nuts" to the best new talent, as the most promising newcomers of 1958. Gravina had already won the award as the Best Actress of the last Locarno Festival for her performance opposite De Sica in Blasetti's *Love and Gossip*. She won new laurels for her disarming performance in *I Soliti Ignoti*. And she surprised many by showing such theatrical potential in a special club performance of Ionesco's *The Lesson*—winning compliments from the author himself. Now she is a star. Mattioli was first noticed when Lattuada chose him to play Jacqueline Sassard's shy boy friend in *Guendalina*. A series of other "shy" roles threatened to type-cast him till Jules Dassin chose him to play Francesco with Mercouri in *La Loi*. Both Mattioli and Gravina appear in Camerini's *First Love*.

It is the female of the species that Italian producers seem intent on grooming for world stardom this year. They figure that if France can reap the rich rewards from a girl like Bardot, then Italy can produce something of equal attractiveness and potential. In addition to Carla Gravina, Italian producers are backing 19-year-old Alessandra Panaro. Panaro's brother Milo persuaded her to take dramatic coaching. As an assistant director he saw that his sister had more than a lot of the girls he called on to the set in the morning. She became a great success on children's TV as an actress, and eventually programmes were written around her. She made her film debut in *Gli Innamorati*. Recently Blassetti has given her an important part in *Love and Gossip*. She also played in the "jeans" classic with Arena, *Poor But Handsome*.

DURING 1959

THE DIRECTOR

Francesco Rosi (centre), born in Naples 37 years ago, joined the front rank of Italian realist directors with the success first at the Venice Festival, 1958, and then with the cinema public throughout Italy, of his first film, *La Sfida*. Though this film has perhaps been over-praised, for if it is a masterpiece it is one in a minor key, success does not seem to have turned Rosi's head. He had been waiting many years to direct his first film and had turned down many previous offers. It was natural that when he did finally direct, his choice of subject should be his own Naples. *La Sfida* deals excitingly with a very significant aspect of Neapolitan life : the gangsters who run the city's markets.

The film shows that Rosi has learned a lesson or two from the hard-hitting Hollywood school of Siodmak, Huston and Dassin. But, having been assistant director to Visconti on *La Terra Trema*, *Bellissima* and *Senso*, his biggest lesson came from the school of Italian realists. His new film, *I Magliari*, which Franco Cristaldi is also producing, is being shot on location in Germany. It deals with another significant social problem : Italian immigration. Alberto Sordi and Renato Salvatori play two Italians who are working in Hamburg, one an illegal immigrant, the other legal.

THE INTELLECTUALS

Television has played an important role in the careers of two popular young Italian actors, each vying for the title of Italy's Montgomery Clift. Antonio Cifariello (top right) has had to live down his reputation for Teddy Boy roles. TV has helped him to win a new public, first as an actor (playing Nicholas Nickleby), then as a director, after having travelled through Africa and the Far East with a camera.

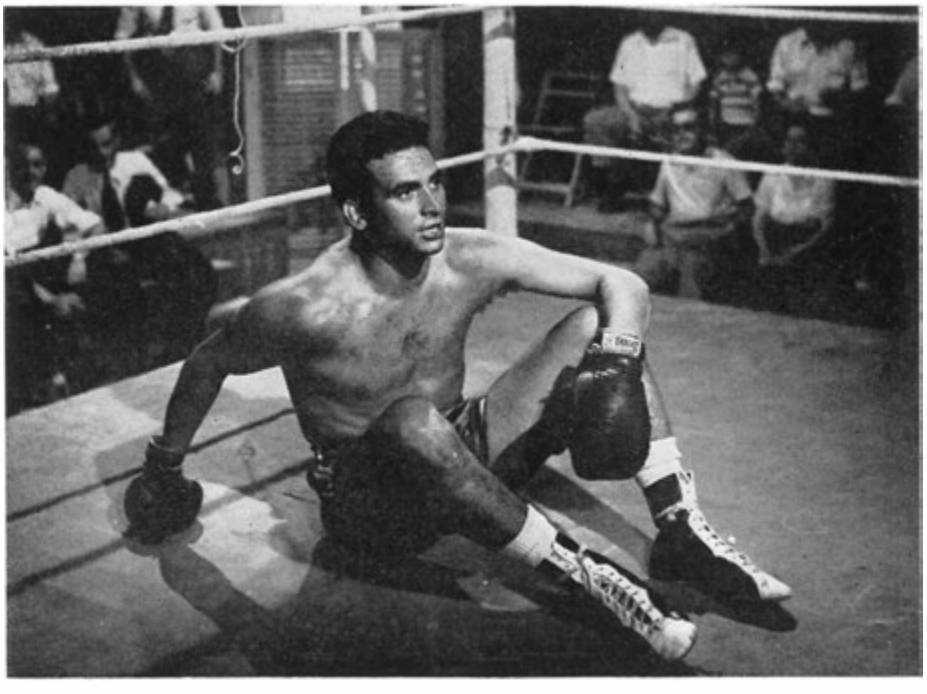
Formerly married to a pretty young society deb who is now a TV announcer, Cifariello has returned to the bachelor life, and is rarely seen at premières or parties.

Mario Valdemarin (top left), was the gift to the Cinema of a TV Quiz Programme on the lines of *Double Your Money*. He had won the £3,000 jackpot, answering questions about Western films. At the time he was in a Rep Company in Trieste. He moved to Rome and played in *Born in March* with Jacqueline Sassard.

K.O. at the B.O.

Out of the five top box-office successes in Italy in 1958 one was *Peyton Place*, two starred Brando and two starred Maurizio Arena (lower left). Though still the leading personality of the Italian Cinema, Arena hasn't yet proved that he can act. It may be too late. This would be a pity, because he is the most representative of the Roman Teddy Boys, and could well have immortalised the "type," in a film that lifted Roman dialectical comedy or tragedy to the level which many poets and playwrights in the past have given it. Instead, Arena appears in a succession of mediocre films, his name getting bigger on the billboards each time, while the women's magazines which put him on the cover or inside, double their sales.

For Italian women, Arena is their answer to Rossano Brazzi, whose success with the Anglo-Saxon female public is incomprehensible in Italy. Arena, with his flashy cars and girl friends, his new villa with bar and swimming pool, his nocturnal adventures on Rome's Via Veneto, is always news, even if as a resolution for 1959 he has said he wants to keep out of it. His first film since is a boxing picture in which he plays opposite a real boxer, the former Italian champion, Tiberio Mitri.



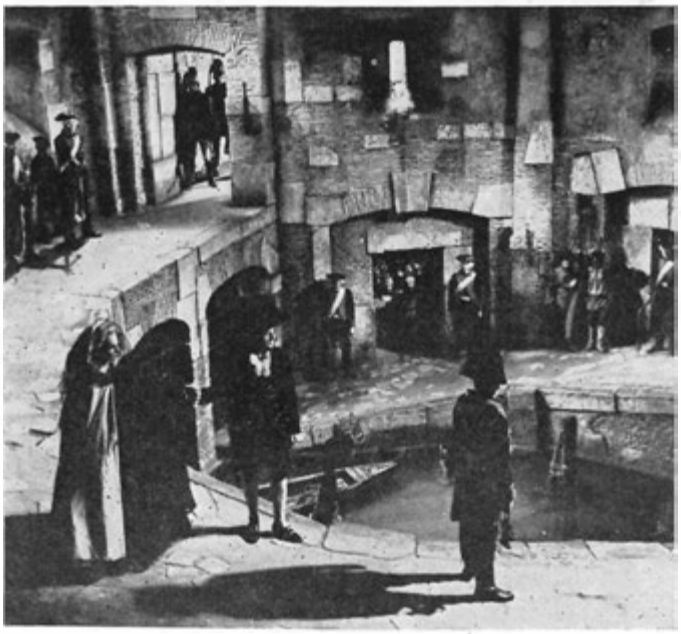
TEMPEST

Italian producer Dino De Laurentiis is outdoing Hollywood at its own speciality: the spectacle. His production of Tolstoy's *War and Peace* was a top money-maker. *Tempest* looks as though it will repeat this success. Filmed in Technicolor and Technirama on location in Yugoslavia, with interiors shot in Rome, it was directed by Alberto Lattuada. *Tempest* is based on two Pushkin stories, *The Revolt of Pugachev* and *The Captain's Daughter*

INTERNATIONAL: Di Laurentiis has amassed an international task force of actors. From Hollywood came Van Heflin to play Pugachov (top left), the self-styled Czar Peter III whose campaign to win Russia's throne from Catherine leads to death on the gallows. From Sweden Di Laurentiis brought Viveca Lindfors to play the Czarina Catherine, whose misguided faith in her incompetent court officials almost leads to her being deposed by the rebel Pugachev (centre left). Hollywood newcomer Geoffrey Horne (who played the Private in The Bridge on the River Kwai), *was given the role of Peter (centre) in* Tempest. *Peter Griniev is sent to Bjelogorsk, on the Steppes, to help defend the fort which is constantly harrassed by Pugachov. Captured, he escapes, ony to be sentenced to death as a supposed traitor by the Czarina. Signora Di Laurentiis (Silvana Mangano) plays Masha, who tries to intercede for Peter's life with the Czarina, only to be refused (centre right).*

INSPECTION: Catherine (below—left hand corner) goes to her dungeons to inspect her prisoner Pugachev. He berates her for her mismanagement of her country. Pugachev has no hope of pardon. The dungeon scenes were shot at Rome's Castel St. Angelo.

WOMAN'S CURSE: Vassilissa (Agnes Moorhead—below) curses the usurping Czar after her husband, Captain Miranov (Robert Keith) and his officers have been hung by Pugachev. The exterior scenes for the film were shot on location in Yugoslavia.



The Doctor's Dilemma

Directed by Anthony Asquith. Produced by Anatole de Grunwald. Costumes by Cecil Beaton. Screenplay by Anatole de Grunwald, from the play by Bernard Shaw. Art director, Paul Sheriff. Director of photography, Robert Krasker. Music composed by Joseph Kosma. Edited by Gordon Hales. Assistant director, Kip Gowans. British. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Eastman colour. Cert. U. 99 mins.
Mrs. Dubedat, LESLIE CARON ; *Louis Dubedat*, DIRK BOGARDE ; *Cutler Walpole*, ALASTAIR SIM ; *Sir Ralph Bloomfield-Bonington*, ROBERT MORLEY ; *Sir Colenso Ridgeon*, JOHN ROBINSON ; *Sir Patrick Cullen*, FELIX AYLMER ; and *Dr. Blenkinsop*, MICHAEL GWYNN.

DINNER PARTY : Painter Louis Dubedat (Dirk Bogarde) and his wife (Leslie Caron) are entertained to dinner by the doctors played by (left to right) Alastair Sim, John Robinson and Robert Morley. A scene from Asquith's version of the Shaw play, The Doctor's Dilemma. *Photo : M-G-M*

By **ROGER MANVELL**

BERNARD SHAW'S *The Doctor's Dilemma* is an actor's play, full of good but verbal parts in which artists who specialise in the eccentricities of character can shine. It is a delight on the stage where in scene after scene a group of eminent, opinionated and socially successful specialists, dress in their best Edwardian clothes, debunk each other to our heart's content, and point Shaw's moral for him—the fallibility of medicine and the vanity of men of science who command the life and death of those patients who can afford the remedies they have made fashionable. Shaw shot this bolt again in a Preface almost as long as the play itself, but left the other argument, the dilemma stated in the title, to a little essay (one of his best) that he wrote soon afterwards. This he called " The Sanity of Art."

For the doctors have to legislate whether the latest treatment for tuberculosis (which has just brought Sir Colenso Ridgeon his knighthood, but is still in short supply) should should be conferred on a worthy but utterly undistinguished colleague working for pence in a slum practice or upon an unworthy man who happens to be a painter of genius. They argue the toss in their various inimitable ways and finally choose the doctor. The immoral artist is left with a fine death scene to play on the stage and his heart-broken mistress puts on a posthumous exhibition of his work, which the whole of London society acclaims. This play—a comedy of life and death—was put on at the Royal Court Theatre in 1906, the year in which it was written.

Whatever the merits of the play—and they are considerable—it must be confessed that it has no action at all, and needs none to make its point.

One of Anthony Asquith's particular skills lies in the meticulous and elegant transfer of highly theatrical plays to the screen. Since the essence of such plays as *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *The Doctor's Dilemma* lies in the verbal exchanges of unusually articulate characters whose personalities depend upon their tongues, it is no good expecting in the films derived from them the conventions of mobility, suspense and the active pursuit of actuality that are regarded as normal for the screen. These become films of people talking, and the utmost movement possible is usually the perambulation of a handsome cab, the ceremonious opening of front doors, or the momentary crossing of a room. The director and screen-writer, having devised the succession of the film's scenes, must then let the camera and microphone serve the actors to the best advantage against the decorative elegance of their surroundings. As on the stage, the continuity of what happens follows entirely the flow of speech, because speech is the predominant feature of both Shaw and Wilde as dramatists. All movement is dictated by the actor's need to point and emphasise the rhythm or rhetoric of what he has to say.

Anatole de Grunwald, who both produces and scripts this film, and Anthony Asquith, who directs, have kept faith with the play by not trying to obliterate it with film-maker's tricks. Having chosen to film a play without action they have imposed virutally no restless irrelevances upon it, just a street-scene now and then to show where people are. And they have brought together a formidable cast of doctors, each contributing his own established actor's personality to the rhythms of Shaw's most biting wit—Alastair Sim as Cutler Walpole, Robert Morley as Sir Ralph Bloomfield-Bonnington, Felix Aylmer as Sir Patrick Cullen and John Robinson as Sir Colenso Ridgeon, the man at the heart of the dilemma. In the thankless part of the angel Jennifer there is Leslie Caron, fulfilling the essence of man's most artificial image of a woman, impassive in her beauty, protecting, mothering, worshipping, yielding, using her sex to subdue her lover's enemies and, like some protesting bird of paradise, fluttering her wings for the preservation of his life.

She moves in her theatric robes like some gliding star, and every word she utters with the lilt of her foreign speech is a special pleading. Yet the part is thankless, because Shaw gave her no being of her own and at the end of the play throws her into the arms of a man we never meet, merely because her lover before he dies commends her to re-marry. She is a lovely lamb in a succession of Beaton costumes, and she begs to be sacrificed on the altar of men's selfishness and desire.

But with the casting of Dirk Bogarde in the part of the artist Louis Dubedat I find difficulty. Dirk Bogarde, of course, is more than a fashionable star ; he is a serious actor of talent and strength of character. The bias of his personality is towards sincerity and honesty—that is, his quiet, assured manner of speech and the directness of his eye are pointers on the screen to fundamental trustworthiness. This is how he plays Louis Dubedat, as if he were the rightful hero of a play that has no hero, and as if Shaw were really on the artist's side because of his acknowledged genius. Shaw makes it quite clear that he is not on his side at all, and that he should be played as both glib and deceitful in manner—a " rascally genius " (as Shaw calls him in " The Sanity of Art ") who is also " very engaging," quick-witted, nervous though without shyness, a man who instinctively knows how to borrow money or deceive a woman by making himself agreeable. It is, in fact, a wonderful part, not least because Shaw allows him speech after speech of utter self-justification which gives him the real depth of character that both Jennifer and the doctors lack. Dubedat is far from the relatively straight artist-type that Bogarde plays.

There will be people who say *The Doctor's Dilemma* should not, from the technical point of view, have been made into a film at all, because its structure is a denial of the medium. The values of the play are as valid today as ever they have been, and I for one am prepared to accept the static nature of the film in order to enjoy an accomplished performance of one of Shaw's best and most neglected plays—that is, with the important reservation I have made about Dirk Bogarde's interpretation of Louis Dubedat. This makes unclear the point that must be plain—who would you save were you a doctor with the choice to make ? The genius who creates beauty for the society upon which he preys, or the ordinary man who has no merit but the honesty of his ordinariness ?

The Critics

Again FILMS AND FILMING is first in a new-style film journalism. Watch out for a fascinating new series of Self-Portraits by the Critics, a unique analysis of the art of film criticism by the big names. The contributions will cover the whole range of critical tastes. Already such distinguished writers as C. A. Lejeune, Leonard Mosley, Paul Dehn, Dudley Carew, Jympson Harman, Margaret Hinxman and Fred Majdalany have agreed to contribute.

This month we welcome Dr. Roger Manvell to our panel of critics. Manvell, the director of the British Film Academy, has written about Cinema in many British and overseas journals.

CARLTON-BROWNE OF THE FO

Directed by Jeffrey Dell and Roy Boulting. Produced by John Boulting. Original story and screenplay by Jeffrey Dell and Roy Boulting. Director of photography, Max Greene. Music composed and directed by John Addison. Art director, Albert Witherick. Assistant director, Philip Shipway. Editor, Anthony Harvey. British. British Lion. Cert. U. 87 mins.
Carlton-Browne, TERRY-THOMAS ; *Prime Minister Amphibulos*, PETER SELLERS ; *Princess Ilyena*, LUCIANA PAOLUZZI ; *Colonel Bellingham*, THORLEY WALTERS ; *The Young King*, IAN BANNEN ; *British Resident*, MILES MALLESON ; *Minister, Foreign Office*, RAYMOND HUNTLEY ; *Grand Duke*, JOHN LE MESURIER.

THE Boulting Brothers, in their twenty-first year of production, have turned out their best comedy in *Carlton-Browne of the F.O.*, if not their best film. They have also done

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the seemingly impossible—turned Terry-Thomas into an actor, and not just a funny personality from TV.

Much of the credit must go to that veteran humorist, Jeffrey Dell (whose fabulous novel, *Nobody Ordered Wolves*, is almost impossible to buy at any price), who has been teamed with Roy Boulting in writing and direction. Together they have found a style that treats the subject with intelligence and sophistication, while at the same time providing a sufficient sprinkling of slapstick comedy to appeal to the *hoi polloi*. Fortunately for those whose sense of humour is a little above the Pinewood knockabouts, the balance comes down in favour of those who do not need to have every joke signposted and every satirical barb blunted.

Carlton-Browne is a brainless ex-Etonian (or Harrovian), given a niche in the Foreign Office because of old family ties. When a forgotten British protectorate becomes international news, it is Carlton-Browne who has to represent Her Majesty's Government in an effort to extract Britain from a situation inflamed by the attitudes of American and Soviet delegations at the United Nations.

International politics, the Foreign Office, the British Council, Guards officers, professional politicians, scientists and their atomic discoveries, and opinionless "typical British housewives" all come into the Boultings' sights. In most cases they hit their targets.

The accuracy of the delivery is partly due to the careful casting in the smaller roles (Huntley as the Minister, Dignam as a Security Officer, Chesnakov as the Soviet scientist, and so on), and to the underplaying of characters which prevents many of the situations sprawling into farce. This may not please the Peter Sellers fans; but Mr. Sellers here gives a nicely controlled performance instead of his usual one-man show.

The film is flawed by the *cliché* development of young-King-meets-princess towards the end, and by not having such a keen edge to its humour in the closing scenes. Anyone who doesn't laugh, however, must either have no sense of humour or genuinely think all's right with the world . . . or both.

P.G.B.

HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL

Directed by Jack Arnold. Produced by Albert Zugsmith. Screenplay by Lewis Meltzer and Robert Blees, from a screen story by Robert Blees. Director of photography, Harold J. Marzorati. Art directors, William A. Horning and Hans Peters. Assistant director, Joseph E. Kenny. Editor, Ben Lewis. American. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Cert. X. 76 mins.

Tony Baker, RUSS TAMBLYN; *Arlene Williams*, JAN STERLING; *J. J. Coleridge*, JOHN DREW BARRYMORE; *Gwen Dulaine*, MAMIE VAN DOREN; *Joan Staples*, DIANE JURGENS; *Himself*, JERRY LEE LEWIS; *Bix*, RAY ANTHONY; *Mr. "A,"* JACKIE COOGAN; and *Quinn*, CHARLES CHAPLIN, JR.

THE most terrifying thing about *High School Confidential* is not that it is about dope, but that its apparently serious reflection of typical American teenagers is very little removed from the moronic *I Was a Teenage Frankenstein* genre. These kids have no other interest in life—nothing—except abusing their bodies for all (yes, *all*) kinds of cheap, erotic sensations. There is nothing beautiful anywhere—not in the savage "mindless" music; not in the flashy pressed-steel cars; not in the clinically-bare classrooms; not in the things the youngsters say, or do . . . and certainly not in the things they think.

This sordid little picture (heavily cut, I think, by the Censor with wrath, but I would have hoped by the distributor, with shame), is the more sordid for the endorsement given by a Los Angeles Police Chief in a filmed interview with which it opens and closes. It never once questions a civilisation in which such things are possible. Its only assumption is that such things are to be expected among

EVERYTHING: The Baited Trap, *a thriller with Richard Widmark, has "everything." In spite of the clichés, it is first-class entertainment.*
Photo: Paramount

American youth, but it is better that parents, teachers and Police try to stop it.

If this film is to be believed, youth's transistory beauty—long hair for the girls, short hair for the boys and tight curves for both—is the only thing to be lived for. And they worship their own emptiness with a subconscious paganism that makes a blasphemy of every great and worthwhile discovery made by Man in his progress from the Dark Ages.

This film (if it is true) makes me despise everything American.

P.G.B.

CRY BABY KILLER

Executive producer, Roger Corman. Co-produced by David Kramarsky and David March. Directed by Jus Addiss. Screenplay by Leo Gordon and Melvin Levy, from a story by Leo Gordon. Photography, Floyd Crosby. Edited by Irene Morra. Art director, Don Ament. Music by Gerald Fried. Title song written and sung by Dick Kallman. Assistant director, Robert Agnew. An Allied Artists Picture. American. Associated British-Pathe. Cert. A. 59 mins.

Porter, HARRY LAUTER; *Jimmy*, JACK NICHOLSON; *Carole*, CAROLYN MITCHELL; *Manny*, BRETT HALSEY; *Julie*, LYNN CARTWRIGHT; *Joey*, RALPH REED; *Gannon*, JOHN SHAY; *Mrs. Maxton*, BARBARA KNUDSON; and *Sam*, JORDAN WHITFIELD.

THE HOT ANGEL, School for Violence, Juvenile Jungle, High School Confidential! . . . the titles are about as attractive as the films, with their jazzed-up emphasis on all that is box-office in juvenile delinquency: drug addiction, flick-knives, rock 'n' roll, hot-rod car racing. If *Cry Baby Killer* is worth rather more attention than the average "exploitation" "B" picture, it is not for any merit in the handling. The production values are almost non-existent, the acting makeshift and the overall treatment rough and ready.

Two things make *Cry Baby Killer*, unlike its predecessors, notable: the story, which is concise and unpretentious, and a strongly humane attitude. Its violence, in other words springs from and illuminates the theme. Barging into a teenagers' cafe, Jimmy Walker precipitates a fight with the hoodlum, Manny Cole, who has recently taken over his girl. Jimmy has already been brutally beaten by Manny and two of his gang, and when one of them draws a gun Jimmy seizes it and shoots Manny. In panic, thinking he has killed Manny (who is only injured), Jimmy barricades himself in a storeroom with a Negro, a woman and her baby. While a crowd collects, working itself up into a passion of unhealthy excitement, the police and Jimmy's parents try in vain to persuade the demented boy to release his hostages and give himself up.

Although neither the framework nor the characterisation is in any way new (*Fourteen Hours* is the obvious model, but still a good, cinematic one), it is informed by a sincere and open respect for law, order and human decency. The revolting sensationalism by which a television commentator seeks to whip up public interest is frankly shown, and contrasted with the sympathetic character of the police officer, well played by Harry Lauter. The best performance comes from Leo Gordon (*Riot in Cell Block 11*), glimpsed briefly as a murderous bystander. Gordon has recently branched out as the screenwriter of a minor-off-beat Western, and he is here part-author of a script which musters some blunt, explosive dialogue between the boy and the terrified mother with the baby.

Realistically photographed by Floyd Crosby, this otherwise amateurish film has far more to recommend it, ultimately, than any number of more polished, calculated *exposés* of the same subject.

PETER JOHN DYER

THE BAITED TRAP

Directed by Norman Panama. Produced by Melvin Frank and Norman Panama. Screenplay by Richard Alan Simmons and Norman Panama. Director of photography, Daniel L. Fapp. Art director, Henry Bumstead. Editor, Everett Douglas. American. Paramount. Technicolor. Cert. A. 84 mins.

Ralph Anderson, RICHARD WIDMARK; *Victor Massonetti*, LEE J. COBB; *Linda Anderson*, TINA LOUISE; *Tippy Anderson*, EARL HOLLIMAN; *Sheriff Anderson*, CARL BENTON REID; and *Mr. Davis*, LORNE GREENE.

THE gangster films are back. This one has something of the *High Sierra* flavour. And it has all the *clichés*. Mr. Widmark does the lot.

The wonderful thing about Hollywood is that it can take a ridiculous script like this one, get a team of first class actors, give the film the technical works . . . and turn out a product that defies even the most hardened cynic to say he has not been entertained.

Widmark and Cobb do the whole thing with great assurance. Holliman and Louise are (being comparative newcomers to this kind of charade) not so confident. Well, having been bashed by some half dozen new films every week for longer than I care to remember—I'm a cynic. I also confess, I was entertained.

P.G.B.

AFRAID TO LIVE

Directed by G. W. Pabst. Produced by Augusto Barth-Reuss. Screenplay by Erna Fentsch, from a novel by Hans Emil Dits. Director of photography, Gunther Anders. Edited by Herbert Taschner. Art director, Otto Pischinger. Music by Erwin Hallez. Assistant director, Peter Pabst. An Omega Production. West Germany. Gala. Original title and date, *Das Bekenntnis der Ina Kahr* (1954). Sub-titles. Cert. X. 102 mins.

Ina, ELISABETH MULLER; *Paul*, CURD JURGENS; *Margit*, MARGOT TROOGER; *Helga*, HANNA RUCKER; *Marianne*, INGMAR ZEISBERG; *Cora Brink*, JESTER NAEFE; *Dr. Pleyer*, ALBERT LIEVEN; *Vater Stoll*, FRIEDRICH DOMIN; and *Jenny*, VERA MOLNAR.

AFRAID TO LIVE arouses interest not as yet another Curd Jurgens film, but as the work of a great veteran director within the confinement of a strictly commercial set-up. Inevitably, after *Ten Days to Die* and *The Jackboot Mutiny*, this five-year-old Pabst film comes as something of a disappointment. It is compromised by an unlikely happy ending, and it fails to come to grips with either of its themes—capital punishment and the fallibility of the law; and the tragedy of emotional immaturity.

It is the latter theme which is the more rewarding, since it intriguingly presents those two familiar characters from Pabst's later silent films, the sexually amoral *femme fatale* and her hopelessly enslaved lover, in reverse. This time it is a listless, middle-aged Curd Jurgens playing what used to be Louise Brooks's role, and wandering down the path of sexual abnormality towards ruin, the poisoned coffee-cup and death; while the

infatuated lover has become a noble, long-suffering wife.

We begin with the wife, Ina Kahr, sentenced to death for the murder of her husband, Paul. She has admitted her guilt, but not her motive. It takes the sight of another woman on the way to execution to make her break down and tell her story : one of continual infidelity on the part of her husband, followed by their temporary estrangement and Paul's rapid degeneration to drunken orgies with perverts and prostitutes.

There are good, characteristic scenes in the picture. Though a long time in coming, the climax is most effective : Paul, shrinking back amidst the debris of last night's debauch, realising with horror that he is dying. The prison scenes are excellent, and establish that sinister pre-occupation with doors, gates and grilles which Pabst maintains throughout. A prolonged woodland idyll is abruptly ended by an unexpected flash of lightning ; a most untypical (for Pabst) heavenly choir, accompanying Ina's agonised decision to poison the coffee, is mixed in with a few languid strains of jazz. Whether or not these enigmatic devices are Pabst's way of mocking the sentimentality of his scriptwriter, it remains a pity that they should be sandwiched between such cheap magazine fiction as makes up the rest of the film.

PETER JOHN DYER

NUDIST PARADISE

Directed by Charles Saunders. Produced by Frank Bevis. Executive producer, Nat Miller. Director of photography, Henry Hall. Art director, Maurice Pelling. Editor, Helen Wiggins. British. Anglo-Amalgamated. Eastman colour. Cert. A. 72 mins.

Joan Stanton, ANITA LOVE ; *Mike Malone*, CARL CONWAY ; *Pat Beatty*, KATY CASHFIELD ; *Jimmy Ross*, DENNIS CARNELL ; *Interviewer*, CELIA HEWITT ; *Receptionist*, EMMA YOUNG ; and *Camp Warden*, WALTER RANDALL.

THIS is advertised as the first British nudist feature. Nudism, like pacifism, is a very worthy ideal ; but it will take more than a technically-poor and artistically-unimaginative picture like this to be a worthy advocate. Let's face it. It has been made for dirty old men ; and, with memories of what happened to the music hall when it resorted to the strip shows, I would have thought film men very ill-advised to stake their futures on a keyhole.

I must confess it gave me a laugh—the naked bearded gentleman enjoying a game of blind man's buff, and the casual way the dubbing has been done (even a guitar matched to a shot of a harmonica player). "*Nudist Paradise* is so sincere," says the editor of *The Naturist* in a publicity brochure. As sincere as the art studies (plain envelope variety) available for students (the over-fifty, with briefcase, kind) in London's Charing Cross Road.

PETER MILLS

SUBWAY IN THE SKY

Directed by Muriel Box. Produced by John Temple-Smith and Patrick Filmer-Sankey. Screenplay by Gail Andrew, based on the play by Ian Main. Director of photography, Wilkie Cooper. Art director, George Provis. Editor, Jean Barker. Assistant director, Jimmy Komisarjevsky. A Sidney Box Production. British. Distributed by British Lion. Cert. A. 86 mins.

Baxter, VAN JOHNSON ; *Lilli*, HILDEGARDE NEFF ; *Anna*, KATHERINE KATH ; *Carson*, CEC LINDER ; *Carl*, ALBERT LIEVEN ; *Molloy* EDWARD JUDD ; *Stefan*, VIVIAN MATALON ; *Harwell*, CHUCK KEYSER ; *Detective*, CARL JAFFE ; *Switchboard Operator*, GAYLORD CAVALLARO ; *Policeman*, BRIAN WILDE ; *G.I.*, BILL EDWARDS ; *G.I.*, MICHAEL BELL ; *Sentry*, KERRIGAN PRESCOTT ; *Officer*, JAMES MAXWELL ; *Stewardess, P.A.A.*, GERDA LARSEN ; and *Corporal*, TOM WATSON.

SUBWAY IN THE SKY is a British film made to appeal to the international market. It does so without resorting to the familiar catchpenny tricks of the casting of incongruous Americans or the use of American-style (but quite obviously shot in England) sets.

The main characters in the film are American and German, and the setting is West Berlin. Not one false note is struck, and in a cat-and-mouse story like *Subway in the Sky* this is essential.

OUCH : Richard Hannay (Kenneth More) escapes from the police by jumping into a goods wagon. A scene from The Thirty-nine Steps *directed by Ralph Thomas for the Rank Organisation.*
Photo : Rank Organisation

American Major Van Johnson is on the run from the military police, accused of peddling Army drugs in his care to his German wife (Katherine Kath). Arriving at his wife's flat in West Berlin, he discovers that it has been let to a night club entertainer (Hildegarde Neff). Close on his heels is Military Police Captain Carson (Cec Linder).

Mr. Johnson, of course, ends up innocent and in a clinch with his night club *chanteur*.

I find it a great pity that the producers of this picture couldn't save up enough German Marks to afford some location shooting in the eminently filmable city of Berlin . . . one can sense director Muriel Box's effort to get out of the flat without going out into the streets. However, let us be grateful to *Subway in the Sky* for its entertainment value and the sheer professionalism of its players . . . and grateful also to the producers for saving up enough *Deutschemarks* to put before us the dry martini charm of the delectable Miss Neff, making her first English-language picture since *Svengali*.

DEREK CONRAD

TOO MANY CROOKS

Directed and produced by Mario Zampi. Associate producer, Giulio Zampi. Screenplay by Michael Pertwee. Music composed and conducted by Stanley Black. Director of photography, Stanley Pavey. Art director, Ivan King. Editor, Bill Lewthwaite. Assistant director, Robert Asher. British. Rank Film Distributors. Cert. U. 87 mins.

Billy Gordon, TERRY-THOMAS ; *Fingers*, GEORGE COLE ; *Lucy*, BRENDA DE BANZIE ; *Snowdrop*, BERNARD BRESSLAW ; *Sid*, SIDNEY JAMES ; *Whisper*, JOE MELIA ; *Charmaine*, VERA DAY ; *Secretary*, DELPHI LAWRENCE ; *Magistrate*, JOHN LE MESURIER ; and *Solicitor*, SIDNEY TAFLER.

THE beginning of this film is so very, very French. It starts off in the best tradition of *comedie noir*, which is not surprising, because the original idea on which the Michael Pertwee script is based comes from a French collaboration—Jean Nery (former Paris critic and now London chief of Unifrance) and Christiane Rochfort, who does publicity for the Cannes festival, and has recently won a major French literary award for her first novel.

The idea is ingenious. A City cad who hides his fortune from both tax man and wife, wakes one morning to find his wife kidnapped by a gang of crazy crooks. The wife, hurt to find her husband is delighted by what has happened and is refusing to pay any ransom for her return, becomes gang-boss. And finds out where husband has stored the lolly—and his heart.

The idea wanders into *cliché* towards the end, and the whole frolic is only sustained by the hard work of Terry-Thomas. I fail to see why people laugh at Bresslaw. I had hoped we had passed the time when idiots (as apart from fools) were a thing of public jest.

Credit to Mario Zampi for at least a dozen good laughs—and thank goodness the Rank Organisation is associated in distributing a subject in such dubious taste. I was beginning to think The Organisation wasn't human.

P.G.B.

THESE THOUSAND HILLS

Directed by Richard Fleischer. Produced by David Weisbart. Screenplay by Alfred Hayes, from the novel by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. Music by Leigh Harline. Director of photography, Charles G. Clarke. Art direction, Lyle R. Wheeler and Herman A. Blumenthal. American. 20th Century-Fox. Cinemascope. Eastman colour. Cert. A. 96 mins.

Lat Evans, DON MURRAY ; *Jehu*, RICHARD EGAN ; *Callie*, LEE REMICK ; *Joyce*, PATRICIA OWENS ; *Tom Ping*, STUART WHITMAN ; *Conrad*, ALBERT DEKKER ; *Ram Butler*, HAROLD J. STONE ; and *Carmichael*, ROYAL DANO.

I LIKE the idea behind *These Thousand Hills*. It is a big-business saga transposed into a Western. The poor boy wants to die rich. He gets his ranch after a kind-hearted prostitute has lent him her savings—only to find that the smug morality of big business forces him to disown the girl he first loved, and simultaneously to disown nearly all the simple decencies of his youth.

The direction is slow, the script even slower ; and the background music and atrocious theme song combine to sound like a pop concert going on in a nearby dance hall instead of being some integral part of the action being played out on the screen in front of us.

The skeleton of a distinguished Western becomes a well-padded bore.

P.G.B.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS

Directed by Ralph Thomas. Produced by Betty E. Box. Screenplay by Frank Harvey. Director of photography, Ernest Steward. Editor, Alfred Rome. Art director, Maurice Carter. Music by Clifton Parker. British. Rank Film Distributors. Eastman Colour. Cert. U. 93 mins.

Richard Hannay, KENNETH MORE ; *Fisher*, TAINA ELG ; *Nellie Lumsden*, BRENDA DE BANZIE ; *Professor Logan*, BARRY JONES ; *Lumsden*, REGINALD BECKWITH ; *Nannie*, FAITH BROOK ; *Brown*, MICHAEL GOODLIFFE ; *Mr. Memory*, JAMES HAYTER ; *Kennedy*, DUNCAN LAMONT ; *McDougal*, JAMESON CLARK ; *Sheriff*, ANDREW CRUIKSHANK ; *Milkman*, LESLIE DWYER ; *Mrs. McDougal*, BETTY HENDERSON ; *Miss Dobson*, JOAN HICKSON ; *Perce*, SIDNEY JAMES ; and *Mr. Pringle*, BRIAN OULTON.

HERE, for those that want it, is a piece of hand-tinted Hitchcock. Hitch, I know, has re-made his own work with modern techniques ; but it is new for someone else to remake a picture for him. This, Ralph Thomas has done without the same kind of showmanship that gives a gloss to the most improbable situations.

Kenneth More and Taina Elg are not the kind of talents I would have chosen for roles that seemed ideal for Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll. The basic situations are still there—the escape from the train on the Forth Bridge ; Hannay and Fisher chained together and spending the night in a small inn ; Hannay finding himself in the position of a guest speaker at a political rally (now, in an effort to keep off politics, a girls' school) ; the crook with a missing finger and the final mystery of the memory man. What is not there is the pace, the sophisticated touches of comedy and the steady application of mystery with suspense.

The film has been assembled ; not edited. Time and again the suspense situations have been thrown away by inadequate preparation in the script stage. And when the comedy

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should be bawdy, it is just mildly repulsive. In any case, the Buchan story is a little thin by present-day thriller standards. As More says near the film's opening, "The thirty-nine steps. What's that? A do-it-yourself kit." I almost wish it was.

P.G.B.

BROTH OF A BOY

Directed by George Pollock. Produced by Alec C. Snowden. Screenplay by Patrick Kirwan and Blanaid Irvine from *The Big Birthday* by Hugh Leonard. Director of photography, Walter J. Harvey. Editor, Henry Richardson. Music by Stanley Black. Art director, Alan Harris. British. An Emmet Dalton Production. British Lion Films. Cert. U. 77 minutes.
Patrick Farrell, BARRY FITZGERALD; *Willie*, HARRY BROGAN; *Randall*, TONY WRIGHT; *Silin*, JUNE THORBURN; *Martin*, EDDIE GOLDEN; *Molly*, MAIRE KEAN; *Desmond Philips*, GODFREY QUIGLEY; *Tim*, DERMONT KELLY; *Father Carey*, PHILIP O'FLYNN; *Bolger*, DENNIS BRENNAN; *Dowling*, SEAMUS KAVANAGH; *Clooney*, BART BASTABLE and *Mrs. O'Shaughnessy*, JOSEPHINE FITZGERALD.

HERE is another of the little comedies being made in Ireland's new studios at Ardmore. It is to be hoped that with production facilities now available on the spot, good use is going to be made of the glorious Irish countryside and of its wealth of traditional drama. *Broth of a Boy* seldom gets into the open air and its story is a very minor piece of traditional "Irishery" but it has the immense advantage of being played by a cast from the Abbey Theatre company, which is of course a guarantee of rich and colourful character acting.

A young man from a London television company, touring Ireland in search of programme material, comes upon the little village of Ballymorrissey just as preparations are in full swing for celebrating the one hundred and tenth birthday of Patrick Farrell, who is believed to be the oldest man in the world. Scenting a story, the television man begins to organise things in a big way but he has reckoned without the vagaries of Patrick himself, a slippery old rogue, played with sly gusto by Barry Fitzgerald.

Tony Wright plays the Englishman with commendable enthusiasm and June Thorburn the other "alien" in the cast, looks very pretty and manages a creditable brogue. But the acting honours naturally go to the Irish, especially Fitzgerald, Harry Brogan and Dermot Kelly as a diminutive barman.

After an excellent opening the comedy falls away somewhat and the joke is wearing a little thin some time before the end, but those who like unsophisticated fun with a strong touch of the blarney will undoubtedly enjoy it.

BRENDA DAVIES

DANGER WITHIN

Directed by Don Chaffey. Produced by Colin Lesslie. Associate producer Adrian D. Worker. Director of photography Arthur Grant. Art director Ray Simm. Editor John Trumper. Assistant director Ronald Spencer. Music by Francis Chagrin. British. British Lion Films. Cert. U. 101 minutes.
Lt. Col. David Baird, RICHARD TODD; *Lt.-Col. Huxley*, BERNARD LEE; *Major Charles Marquand*, MICHAEL WILDING; *Capt. "Bunter" Phillips*, RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH; *Capt. Rupert Callender*, DENNIS PRICE; *Capt. Roger Byfold*, DONALD HOUSTON; *Capt. Tony Long*, WILLIAM FRANKLYN; *Capt. Pat Foster*, VINCENT BALL; *Capitano Benucci*, PETER ARNE; *Capt. Alfred Piker*, PETER JONES; *Lt. Meynell*, "*The Sewer Rat*," RONNIE STEVENS and *Lt. Gibbs*, TERENCE ALEXANDER.

THIS film, set in an Italian P.O.W. Camp, concerns a number of escape attempts which are betrayed by an unknown informer. The identity of the informer is revealed to us early on; so there is no puzzle interest. We simply watch the escape committee trying to implement their schemes against odds which are always indeterminate.

DIGNITY: Elli Lambetti in the Greek film, A Matter of Dignity, *directed by Michael Cacoyannis. It was shown at the Cannes Festival and at the London Film Festival last year.*

Photo: Curzon

As a piece of film-making it is assured, having a pace which manages to be at once both relaxed and exciting (like an Agatha Christie)—though it never fully lives up to the striking Doppelganger effect of the opening, where an escaping prisoner is shot by the Italian officer he is impersonating. The characters—for the most part easy-going and uncomplicated, verging often upon the comic—present little difficulty to the actors. Only Richard Todd, perhaps, fails to be quite the fanatical Scot which his lines suggest.

It is difficult without personal experience to judge the accuracy of this portrayal of prison-camp life. But there is little suggestion of nervous strain among the prisoners—even those who spend all their time risking death in innumerable attempts to escape. And when the Senior British Officer says that Capitano Benucci is a Nazi-trained sadist, killing for the love of it, his words carry none of the horror one might expect. For we are not in a realm where such statements can have meaning. Again, the final decision whether or not to kill the informer is taken in a matter-of-fact way. There is no hint of the actual moral conflict involved, or of the true intensity of hatred which must be felt for this man. Our only concern is with whether they will decide what to do with him in time to make their getaway.

All the same, I enjoyed this film. It appealed to the schoolboy in me.

DAI VAUGHAN

A MATTER OF DIGNITY

Directed and written by Michael Cacoyannis. Director of photography, Walter Lassally. Art direction, Yannis Tsarouchis. Edited by Emile Provelengios. Music by Manos Hadzidakis. Hermes Films. Greek. Curzon Film Distributors. Greek dialogue. English sub-titles. Cert. A. 104 mins.
Chloe, ELLIE LAMBETTI; *Cleon Pallas*, GEORGES PAPPAS; *Roxane*, ATHENA MICHALIDOU; *Katerina*, ELENI ZAFYRIOU; *Galanos*, MICHEL NIKOLINAKOS; *Dritsas*, MINAS CHRISTIDES; *Markos*, DIMITRI PAPAMIHAIL; and *Vassilaki*, VASSILI KAILAS.

LIKE Russia's recent *The Cranes are Flying*, this fourth and latest Cacoyannis film from Greece gives us a feeling—rare enough these days—of real cinema and a marvellous tragic actress. Scripted by the director, it chronicles the life of an Athens family, secretly bankrupt, which is so set on keeping up its facade of social importance that the true dignity of life, its compassion and its selflessness, is lost to it. The realism of the locale, both the luxury of the rich and the poverty of the maidservant's village, is unerringly reinforced by some excellent photography. And the director's talent for visual detail and sharp, shock editing is as remarkable as ever.

The film's weakness is a structural one. The action occupies two long, rather too obviously linked stretches, one following the daughter's engagement to an unattractive millionaire and her rejection of the widower she really loves, the other a secondary theme concerning the maidservant's trip home where her little boy has suddenly suffered a severe concussion. The expansive, almost showy style with which every incident is handled, the remorseless succession of difficulties, false-hoods, hysteria and disaster, the lack of variation in pace or mood (even the gaiety is rather ghastly) become, by the time the climax is reached, oppressive. The climax itself—the maid's violent death from a heart attack to the accompaniment of mood music on the radio, and shot in a way reminiscent of Cocteau's last death scene in *Les Enfants Terribles*—is virtuoso rather than convincing, and leaves one's responses dulled for the inconclusive, comparatively hurried ending.

Yet, curiously, this very expansiveness of style is also the picture's main strength. Bit by bit it builds its ugly world, until one unquestionably accepts the tremendous importance of facade to this unhappy family, the wife's determination to marry her daughter off for money, the anguish of her husband and the destructive, self-lashing cynicism of the daughter. It is a question of understanding rather than participating, for the film's approach follows the logic of classical tragedy rather than that of everyday situation or deep characterisation. And, in its way, the film's picture of disillusion and suffering, selfishness and neurosis, is ultimately an impressive one. The acting, particularly that of Eleni Zafyriou as the maid, is honest and powerful. The only failures are the girl's two lovers, the millionaire and the widower, both so despairingly underplayed as to make the characters quite mysterious. About Ellie Lambetti's performance, however, there can be no reservations. Her beauty is elemental, her intensity both exciting and forbidding, her quality—like Garbo—divine.

PETER JOHN DYER

Re-Presentation:

LA GRANDE ILLUSION. Directed by Jean Renoir. Script and dialogue, Charles Spaak and Jean Renoir. Photography, Christian Matras. First released 1937. French. Re-distribution by Films De France. Featuring Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, Eric von Stroheim and Dalio Cert. A. 112 mins.

RENOIR'S masterpiece wears well. By present day standards the technique is thin and the pace too leisurely. These are minor criticisms of a fully rounded work that brillliantly exposes the futility of war in terms of personal relationships.

It is, I suppose, the first of the prison-camp escape sagas; and it is still easily the best. Stroheim's performance as the broken professional soldier is among his best acting work, devoid of much of his worst excesses of style. There is, too, a touching performance by Dalio as the Jew—at once held in contempt but needed (for his gift parcels) by his colleagues.

* * *

In the same programme at the Academy, *March to Aldermaston*, strikes me as a singularly inept piece of documentary. A year late, it falls farshort of what a reasonably competent TV team could do in less than a week. "What's Worth Doing is Worth Doing Well" says a poster somewhere in the film. When these precious propagandists have digested *that* perhaps they'll realise there's more to film-making than having a union ticket or a political affiliation.

P.G.B.

BEATNIKS : Hollywood's new film about the Beat Generation—called simply, The Beat Generation *(director : Charles Haas) panders to the teenage craze to be "understood." This is how the studio concerned, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, describes the scene stills : Left—"Reciting her original off-beat poetry in a 'beatnik' hangout is Vampira." Centre "'Beatnik' victim is Mamie Van Doren, lured into a trap by a vicious young assailant, played by Ray Danton." Right—"'Beatnik' favourite . . . is Louis 'Satchmo' Armstrong, playing his famed trumpet in a 'beatnik' hangout."*

Photos : M-G-M

VICARIOUS THRILLS FOR THE TEENAGERS

Studio Review by Clayton Cole

PERHAPS the most surprising phenomenon in recent Cinema history is the upswing in production of films tailored specifically to the teenage audience. Students of sociology could spend the rest of their lives delving into the cause and effect of these pictures. Pictures with titles like *Unwed Mother*, *Dragstrip Girl* and *Killer Dino.*

If the titles are lurid, so are the publicity campaign-books sent to movie-house managers who have booked the films. For the recent *Teenage Delinquents*, managers were suggested to "get a fashion store or a local fashion expert to illustrate the desirability of youngsters making a change from the customary blue jeans to more suitable sports clothes or young adult wear."

This type of exploitation, however, is rarely put into operation, and is presumably thought up by publicity men to put the manager's conscience at rest . . . no doubt he thinks that if the movie company is suggesting such praise worthy contests, the picture he is about to show can't be so bad. If the manager were to scan the rest of the campaign sheet, his conscience might get a jolt.

For *Teenage Delinquents*, for instance, a pre-written press story for circulation to local newspapers is headed "Dangers of Jive-Mad Youth," and a part of the text reads "*Teenage Delinquents* deals with jive-mad, speed-crazy, thrill-thirsting youngsters doing their best to get in their dangerous 'kicks' in a bewildering world."

Most of these films provide vicarious thrills for their eager audiences. However much "B" picture producers argue that the films have a catharctic effect on their audiences by putting teenagers through weird, dreamt-up experiences on the screen and showing they don't pay in the last minute before the fade-out, the plain facts are that far from ridding young boys and girls of the "thrill" habit, they are opening up baby blue eyes to new fields of dangerous enterprise.

The main producer of these "quick buck" pictures is the four year old firm of American International. Heading the company are Samuel Z. Arkoff and James H. Nicholson. At a Theatre Owners of America luncheon in Miami recently, producer Jerry Wald launched a full-scale attack on the pictures. Said Wald : "They are not the type of pictures on which we can build the market of the future. While they may make a few dollars today, they will destroy us tomorrow."

Nicholson was quickly to his feet with "I'd rather send my children to see these pictures than *God's Little Acre*." Although Mr. Wald didn't say it, he must have thought that neither were desirable alternatives for youngsters.

What are the films that Mr. Nicholson would rather send his children to ? Films like his own company's *Terror from the Year* 5000, in which a horribly disfigured woman from the future materialises on earth to find an assistant who will provide her with atomic genes with which she hopes to start a new "non-contaminated" race ? Or then, perhaps Mr. Nicholson might like his offsprings to sit through *High School Hellcats*, in which a young girl, new to high school, is drawn into crime because she feels unloved and unwanted by her parents ? The film is climaxed with a knife murder of a young student by a girl teenager.

American International Pictures, according to Nicholson, is responsible for "15 per cent of the total U.S. product available (to exhibitors)." There cannot be much doubt as to the validity of Mr. Nicholson's claim. By the end of last year A.I.P. had made 62 pictures. This year it is launching a 15 million dollar programme. It hopes to make about thirty films, some in colour and Cinemascope. One of the films is *Horrors in the Black Museum*, which producer Herman Cohen recently finished in England.

Although Nicholson and his compatriots deserve a major share in the blame it would be far from true to say that they are the only culprits. Paramount with *The Party Crashers*, Allied Artists with *Killer Dino*, Universal-International with *Monster on the Campus* and United Artists with *The Lost Missile* (which "turns men and women into living, screaming torches") are just as guilty in chasing after the quick buck with the "exploitation special" as it is known in the trade.

Perhaps the most dangerous of all is the "subliminal" picture. This 1984 approach has been used for the first time in *My World Dies Screaming*, produced by yet another minor company, Howco International. The film stars Gerald Mohr and Cathy O'Donnell (of Nicholas Ray's *They Live by Night* fame), and tells of a young woman with a horror complex : she has nightmares which can only be accounted by the fact that she saw the axe murder of her husband's (Mohr) family when a child.

To give certain scenes more effect, the words "love" and "hate" are superimposed on the frame of the film at certain intervals. The audience do not realise they are reading the words, but the "message" is impressed on their minds subconciously. At the end of the the picture the producers have tacked on an epilogue in which Mohr explains what the audience hasn't seen ! And just in case the audience are still not quite sure of themselves, the words are described with symbols—love : fluttering hearts ; and hate : a crawling snake.

Howco are coupling the film with *Lost, Lonely and Vicious*, which deals with a young Hollywood star who suffers from excessive morbidity and is in continual fear of death, which he believes will come when driving his flashy sports car. However, he meets a pretty drug store counter hand who straightens him out.

The film appears to be hinged on the James Dean legend ; but when Dean, in his more articulate moments, spoke intelligently, the dialogue given the boy in the film is moronic *de luxe.*

The last word on this new form of entertainment is a film called *Night of the Blood Beast*, in which the audience is given . . . a pregnant man ! I need say no more on this very depressing, but sociologically interesting, phase of movie entertainment.

YUL BRYNNER'S production of *The Gladiators* is to be shot in Italy and Greece. Anthony Quinn is co-starring with him in this story of the revolt of the gladiators against

ALL RIGHT WITH THE NEW BOULTING COMEDY

By JOHN VINCENT

LOVERS of the cinema and students of contemporary British life will be pleased to learn the Boultings' have now completed filming *I'm All Right, Jack*, the civilian sequel to *Private's Progress*.

It is three years since the oddly assorted fighting men of *Private's Progress* first delighted British audiences. And although *I'm All Right, Jack* is a sequel, no attempt has been made to establish this in the script apart, perhaps, from the title, which suggests the spirit is pretty much the same as before.

Said director John Boulting who, with Frank Harvey and Alan Hackney, also wrote the script: "People who saw the original will of course recognise the characters. But it is of little importance if they don't—the picture is an entire chapter in itself.

"We are going for two institutions this time—big business and the trade unions. We feel these are the two dominant features of contemporary life. Somewhere in between comes the poor individual who, in nine cases out of ten, gets pretty short shift.

"If we can get people to laugh at these things which, so far, have been considered definitely unlaughable, then we are some way to putting them in their true perspective . . . you can be much more destructive in a comedy than in a straight-faced drama.

"We have attempted to attack both institutions impartially, pinpointing the absurdities of each."

All the characters of *Private's Progress* are there. There is former barrow boy Cox for instance (Richard Attenborough) who, after gaining much valuable experience in his particular line during the war, is now managing director of several companies. And the innocent hapless Stanley Windrush (Ian Carmichael) still a misfit. Dennis Price and Terry-Thomas are back too, still confusing national and personal interests.

There is one new character, Kite, the "striking" trade union leader, played by Peter Sellers. For this is Britain at peace.

Associated British has announced an eight picture programme which comes as doubly welcome news when British studios are by no means working to capacity.

The first is Hal Chester's production *School for Scoundrels*, scripted by Peter Ustinov from the Stephen Potter *Lifemanship* books, and featuring Ian Carmichael.

Cyril Frankel will direct. He told me: "This picture is going to be quite a challenge. We aim not only to make a funny picture, but to capture the peculiar spirit of that off-beat Potter humour."

This will be followed (in Spain) by the first Tommy Steele colour picture—*Tommy the Toreador*. George Brown will produce this in collaboration with Anglo-Amalgamated, and John Paddy Carstairs will direct.

Ted Willis has scripted the third property, *Six Men and a Nightingale*, which is a comedy with a musical background.

J. Lee-Thompson, if available, will direct *Stranger in Galah*, a drama based on Michael Barrett's novel. This, again, is in colour, and will be filmed in Australia.

Derry Quinn is scripting *Taken at the Flood*, which is based on Bernard Newman's novel. A "family comedy" is sixth on the Pathe programme. It has been scripted by Anne Burnaby.

If Chance a Stranger, by Charles Fullerton, is also to be filmed in colour, and John Hunter is now writing the script, which calls for extensive Japanese location scenes.

Final project, but one of the largest to be undertaken by the company, is the filming of Alistair MacLean's novel *H.M.S. Ulysses*, which has been scripted by R. C. Sherriff.

Warwick Films, with *Adamson of Africa*, starring Robert Taylor, now in the finishing stages, has added another property to its 1959 programme. It is *Jazzboat*, the story of one of those boats which sails the Thames with a jazz band and fans aboard. It will star Anthony Newley, Anne Aubrey and a young newcomer, Columbia's American contract artist, Jimmy Darren.

Robert Taylor will also star in David E. Rose's long awaited production *House of the Seven Flies*. This is for M-G-M release, and starts next month with locations in Holland. Richard Thorpe directs.

Again for M-G-M is Jules Buck's *The Day They Robbed the Bank of England*.

Rank contract artist, Anne Heywood has a busy time ahead. Straight from *Heart of a Man* she has gone into the Betty Box-Ralph Thomas comedy *Upstairs and Downstairs*, with Michael Craig. And immediately this one is finished, she goes to Rome on a loan-out to Italian producer Carmine Gallone for his *Carthage in Flames*.

Jon Pennington has acquired the screen rights of *Face in the Dark*, by Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac (*The Fiends*, *Vertigo*). He plans to make it as a Pennington-Eady production, in association with Carl Foreman, later this year.

BLEARY: William Hartnell chats with executive producer Walter Shenson on location for The Mouse that Roared. *Peter Sellers in the uniform of the "Grand Fenwick" army seems a little disinterested.*
Photo: Columbia

"Downbeat pictures which show the emotions and actions of minority groups encourage the hooligans in the audience. They sneer at the situations; they guy the love scenes . . . they even throw things."

The so serious speaker was Herbert Wilcox, the man who has presented high society in Mayfair and high adventure on the Yangtse with equal success at the box-office.

"People," he said, "say television is killing the cinema. They forget hooliganism. Together they make a frightening team." Which is why he explained his personal approach to film-making as "Upbeat"—"Both my wife (Anna Neagle) and I insist on that in everything we do. Whether the story is set in a Liverpool gambling den or a Park Lane penthouse."

Perhaps this fervent wish to show life *can* be gay, colourful and worth living is one reason why Wilcox pictures are returning to the richly elegant sets of the *Spring in Park Lane*, variety. The white and gold drawing rooms, the crimson plush nightspots.

They were used with great success (at the box-office) in *The Lady is a Square*. And they have been used in the latest Anna Neagle production, *Heart of a Man*, which Wilcox has just completed directing at Pinewood.

This is the fourth picture to feature Frankie Vaughan, the protege whom Wilcox is grooming to film stardom with all the skill, canny showmanship and sheer bulldozing he used to put Anna Neagle at the top twenty years ago.

Heart of a Man has a few smooth gangsters and glimpses of the underworld ("But it is still strictly upbeat," insists Wilcox) and naturally enough centres on Vaughan's well-known world of Tin Pan Alley.

Would Wilcox have been surprised had someone told him 30 years ago he would be making pictures reflecting the rock'n'roll revolution?

"Not at all. My pictures were popular entertainment then. I hope they are now. But I would have been surprised if someone had told me I would be making pictures like *Odette*. Those were the ones that were out of character."

from page 26 col 3

their Roman overlords. Budgeted at nearly 5,000,000 dollars, Paul Rubin is producing and Martin Ritt directing.

Frank Sinatra, Jack Lemmon, Sammy Davis Jr. and Peter Lawford star in *Oceans II*, a Dorchester Production about the post-war activities of U.S. paratroopers. Lewis Milestone directs.

Jean Simmons is to star in Hal Wallis's production, for Paramount, of Tennessee Williams' *Summer and Smoke*. James Poe is to write the script for the film which starts this summer.

FILM companies still seem to prefer novels to original screenplays. Warner Bros. have bought three more: Pearl Buck's *Letter from Peking*, which Martin Rackin will produce and Michael Anderson direct; Charles Hawley's *Cash McCall*; and Charles Mercer's *Rachel Cade*, to star Susan Hayward. Seven Arts Productions have acquired *The Intruders*, Charles Beaumont's novel with racial theme. Mirisch Co. have bought the rights to Frederick Smith's *Laws be their Enemy*, about racial tension in South Africa.

JOHN WAYNE is starring in the new John Lee Mahin-Martin Rackin production, *The Alaskans*. John Frankenheimer is to direct Paramount's *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and Joshua Logan is to make *The Fortunate Finders*, a Nevada gold rush story.

Philip Yordan bought Nicholas Monsarrat's *The Tribe that Lost its Head*, which he will make in Africa. Novelist William Faulkner's only play, *Requiem for a Nun*, is to be filmed by 20th-Fox. Robert Evans is being considered for a George Raft biopic.

Ben Gazzara, of *End as a Man* fame, supports James Stewart and Lana Turner in *Anatomy of a Murder*.

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Italy's Man of a Thousand Faces

IT is typical of the Italian entertainment world that the actor who has for some years been considered the No. 1 in the Theatre should only now this season have won universal popularity in a film. Yet Vittorio Gassman has been a " name " in the Italian Cinema ever since *Bitter Rice*.

He has been nominated for the Silver Riband of 1958 as the Best Actor of the year, for his performance in Monicelli's *I Soliti Ignoti*, an uproarious farce which is one of the few good pictures made in Italy in the past twelve months. The public which had shown indifference to the actor whose Hamlet has broken all known records in Italian theatres, is now saying, " Of course, he's a stage actor now, that's why he's so good. They say his Hamlet was simply wonderful."

True, it is not the first time that Gassman has been associated with the Italian " Oscar." He won it for his performance in *Kean*, the film version of the Dumas-Sartre play which, on the titles, also gives Gassman credit for the direction (though, in fact, he was helped by Francesco Rosi, the young Neapolitan who has now won fame for *La Sfida*). *Kean* was not a popular box-office success ; indeed, it has hardly ever been shown.

In playing Edmund Kean, not only was Gassman repeating one of his most successful stage performances in recent years, but he was also playing a part most suited to his own personality. The flamboyant romantic actor, with more than a trace of " ham " in his manner, is Gassman himself.

Complex Personality

Gassman is a complex personality ; and the most strange aspect of his nature is his frequently reiterated distaste for the cinema. When he went to Hollywood, at the time of his marriage to Shelley Winters, he asked for no clause in his contract giving him the right to choose his roles at M-G-M. The only condition he insisted on was that he be allowed to return to Italy each year for his theatre season. The result was that the films he played in left little impression on world cinema.

One cannot help recalling that Olivier, after having won renown on the English stage, went to Hollywood and won new prestige as a film actor, appearing in important films like *Wuthering Heights*, *Pride and Prejudice*, and so on. Gassman, whom Italians are wont to flatter with the title of " the Italian Olivier," even gave a mediocre performance in *War and Peace* when he had a good part in an intelligent film.

Called Himself " Ham "

It would be too easy, and quite unfair, to dismiss Gassman as a " ham," even though he himself has, on occasions, owned up to being one. He is gifted with an exceptional intelligence, his taste in theatre in impeccable whether as actor, director or impressario, and now he has even launched into TV, appearing in and producing a programme called " The Matador," which is well above the average standards of Italian TV.

Maybe, like many others, TV will help him back to fame. Certainly his splendid performance in *I Soliti Ignoti* shows that he can be a brilliant film actor—*when he wants to be* ! One can understand that the general atmosphere in the Italian Cinema, with all its disillusionments, is not very great encouragement to an intelligent actor.

Gassman, too, has heard the distributors say " Gassman is not box-office." The same spirit drove Raf Vallone to a dazzling new career in France. Only Magnani's Oscar brought her back to the limelight in Italy. Padovani has gone to London. Valli has tried America again.

But the age of the Roman Teddy Boys is over. Maurizio Arena may not be the Box-Office favourite of 1959. Gassman has played his trump card. In *I Soliti Ignoti*, a parody on small-time gangsters, he out-Teddy's all the Arena Boys.—**J.F.L.**

ABOVE : Vittorio Gassman in the final scene of Bitter Rice, *cut by the British censor.*

CENTRE : With Valentina Cortese in Alessandrini's version of The Wandering Jew (L'Ebreo Evante).

LOWER LEFT : In his latest role as a ne'er-do-well in Monicelli's I Soliti Ignoti.

LOWER RIGHT : As Kean, in the film version of the Dumas-Sartre play, Kean, *for which he won a major Italian award. He again appeared with Valentina Cortese.*

Films and Filming . . . . . ABROAD

from Ginette Billard in FRANCE

IT is now officially announced that the 12th International Film Festival of Cannes will take place between May 1st and May 15th. Twenty-nine countries have already announced their participation.

Jean Renoir is preparing a script which he will film for French Television . . . and has started a row. Most TV technicians feel that a competent director from their own ranks could be found. On top of this, the film industry has larded out its own criticisms of the veteran film-maker. It seems that M. Renoir will make the film available to commercial cinemas after its television showing. The cinema exhibitors' association, however, have issued a strong letter of protest, and have warned its members that showing films especially produced for the domestic screen will lead to boycott by the major distributors.

During the '57-'58 season, eleven films have attracted over 500,000 spectators in Paris—against seven in 1956-1957. Of these eleven, five were French : they are *Mon Oncle*, *Les Miserables*, *Le Triporteur*, *Pot Bouille* and *Porte Des Lilas*. During the year 1958, 97 films were made in France, with is less than the number of films produced in 1957. There have been less colour films and they have been more expensive than the films made last year. The general tendency to film adaptations rather than original screenplays is diminishing : neither Hugo, Zola nor Maupassant have been adapted in 1958.

Marcel Carne, whose personal fame has risen sky high after the success of *Les Tricheurs*, announces the creation of his own production company. The reasons are twofold : first, he thinks that it is unfair that the commercial success of a film should not benefit the director. Second, he claims that no matter how well-known a director is, there is no real freedom for him in the making of his films, if he is not his own producer. He quotes for instance the case of *Les Tricheurs*, where one actress was imposed on him, which compelled him to change the end of his film as the character portrayed had to be changed. Carné's next film will be called *Les Fauves*.

The trend of young producer-directors is becoming more and more important : after Chabrol (*Le Beau Serge*, *Les Cousins*) and Truffaut (*Les Mistons*), Pierre Kast is also getting into the same sort of adventure : a group of friends put their own money together, direct the film and act in it. Adapting a novel by Moravia, the film which Kast is making currently will be called *Le Bel Age*. It is played by such people as Jacques Doniol Valcroze, the noted French critic who is developing a liking for acting ; Marcel Pagliero, ex-actor turned director, who is going back to former loves, and Boris Vian, ex-existentialist author of a famous book of the post-war period, and actress Loleh Belon.

These young producer-directors are having trouble with the unions, who are keeping a close watch on what is called " the minimum crews." Let us hope that a compromise can be found, because France has for long led the world in the making of " young " films.

March publication

Eisenstein

NOTES OF A FILM DIRECTOR

SERGEI EISENSTEIN, director of *Battleship Potemkin*, *Alexander Nevsky* and *Ivan the Terrible*, is an almost legendary name in the film world. In these Notes, made over a long period, he writes freely about himself and his aims, about technical problems of filming, and about the many film artists he knew.

Includes numerous photographs and some of Eisenstein's original sketches for scenes and characters in his films.

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LAWRENCE & WISHART

from Kobita Sarker in INDIA

INDIA produced 293 feature films in 1958, which is more or less the same as its production for the previous year. This makes her the second largest film-producing country in the world during this period.

The last quarter has seen very few significant developments. Most of the activity of the film world seems to centre round the raw stock controversy, which is getting more and more involved as time goes by. The decision to cut the import of raw stock has affected the industry gravely, and many inevitable evils have occurred as a result. Production costs have soared and the industry is playing safe, so that even the odd individual who was prepared to essay the off-beat film is now chary of doing so. Nor has the earlier hope that controlled raw stock would involve compulsory restriction of footage in the finished film materialised. It is expected, however, that a decision which will ease matters for the industry will be reached soon.

Government entertainment tax has, in the meantime, been given re-consideration, and the industry has got some relief as a result.

Despite all this indecision, there are a few individual ventures in the making. Satyajit Ray is completing the trilogy which started with *Pather Panchali*. *Apur Sansar* (*The World of Apu*) reaches the boy to manhood and promises, in some ways, to be the most interesting of all his films so far.

Another film from the same province which has an off-beat theme is *Neel Akasher Neechay* (*Under the Blue Sky*). As far as the major industry is concerned, however, there, this has been a somewhat slack period as far as imaginative work is concerned. The fact that *Madhumati* is to be the Indian entry for the Academy Award is a sad reflection on the state of the cinema as a whole. Though the credit titles sport many celebrated names like that of Bimal Roy as producer and director, and Dilip Kumar and Vyjanthimala as stars (both being box-office favourites), perhaps the really interesting feature of the film is the editing of Hrishikesh Mukerjee, who has since made a pleasant comedy, starring Raj Kapoor and Nutan, called *Anari*. The former film has derivative tendencies which are so strong that one wonders why something more indigenous was not chosen for export.

An extremely interesting experiment is the making of a new documentary on the City of Calcutta by an entirely new talent in the Indian cinema—Chidananda Dasgupta. The film, even in its unedited form, promises to have some rather diverting moments, and the profits from this novel venture are to go to the Calcutta Film Society, of which Dasgupta is not merely a founder member (so was Ray), but in many ways, the most active one.

Another interesting feature that has come about is the renewed traffic between foreign film-makers and India. Increasingly more people are choosing to shoot against the actual Indian locales rather than fabricating the " mystic east " in studios. David Lean has been here a while with the idea of making a film about India, though the idea of the film about the Taj Mahal seems to have been shelved, at least temporarily.

Recently Edward Dmytryk and a party of technicians passed through to Nepal, with a view to the possible filming of Han Suyin's latest novel, *The Mountain is Young*. James Stewart is here on a tiger hunt (!) and producer Marcel Hellman, who is shooting *North West Frontier* (starring Kenneth More and Lauren Bacall), is expected any day. The film is to be made in Spain and India, and the two backgrounds are not as different as one might imagine. Hellman has also contracted I. S. Johar to play a part in it. Johar, it will be recalled, was Bapu the guide in *Harry Black*. He has been in the Indian film industry for quite a while in several capacities —though he is best-known as director and character actor. His entry into foreign movies, will, one hopes, result in wider and more intelligent collaboration, which might be of mutual advantage.

from P. E. Burke in SWEDEN

SVENSK FILMINDUSTRI has produced two different and contrasting film comedies, which are the current successes of Stockholm and Sweden. Both are excellent in every way, and both reflect the skill, humour and artistry of Swedish film-makers.

Bock i ortagard (which can be literally translated as *A Goat in the Garden*, though the Swedish title implies much more)written about 30 years ago by the distinguished and well-loved Swedish author Fritof Nilsson Piraten, can be considered the Swedish *Clochmerle*, in fact, many consider it superior to the French work. It has been adapted for the screen by the Swedish author-scriptwriter Olle Lonsberg, without bowdlerisation, and a lusty, witty and entertaining Swedish film, directed by Gosta Folke, has resulted.

The book and the film centre around the activities of Esping, a farmer in Skane, Sweden's southernmost county, and very much a Rabalasian character, especially in the lusty way the role was performed by the veteran Swedish actor Edwin Adolphson.

To win a bet with a rich Malmo exporter (Ake Fridell, another remarkably lusty characterisation), Esping sets out to become the churchwarden of his parish. Everything seems to be against him getting the appointment, his Rabalasien ways are well known, he has both a wife and mistress living with him (two remarkably well-played roles by Irma Christenson and Gunnel Brostrom

BAWDY : A new Swedish film, Bock i ortagard (A Goat in the Garden) *is said to be as bawdy as* Clochmerle. *It stars Hugo Bjorne as a vicar, and Edwin Adolphson as a new churchwarden.*

Photo : Svensk Filmindustri

respectively), he frequents with worldly companions and he cannot read and write. By bribing the prospective candidate and packing the parish meeting with his estate workers, Esping is made churchwarden—and he sets about his duties with vigour. His inability to read causes him to put up figures from an invoice instead of the hymn numbers, but he makes up for this initial mistake by coercing the congregation into making the largest collection ever taken in the history of the parish. He wins his bet and promptly spends the winnings on wine, women and song for his cronies in Malmo, the nearest large town.

Esping then begins to take his church duties so seriously and, in the spirit of Caesar rather than the Lord, orders a mass baptism for all the children of the tenants and workers on his estate. Then he coerces one of his tenants to go through a marriage ceremony with the woman with whom the tenant has been living for the past ten years, despite neither wanting the legal bond. The wedding, at which the couple's four children are very prominent, is highly comic and, uhable to sleep at night, the coerced husband throws the wedding-ring into the duck pond before the couple feel able to accept each other again. Ake Lindstrom and Eva Stiberg as the couple are certainly excellent finds for Swedish films.

Although the censor is likely to prove a spoilsport with *Bock i ortagard*, the English will certainly enjoy this good, clean Swedish fun if given a chance to see it.

from **Chia Chi** *in*

CHINA

CHINA'S new film industry has to meet a tremendous and ever-growing demand. Before 1949, when the Mao Government took over, only a very few of the Chinese people ever went to the cinema. Attendance that year was 47 million, mainly in the coastal cities. By 1957, the attendance was over 1,749 million—it had increased over 37 times—and not much more than one-third went to the 1,000-odd city theatres. The rest was accounted for by the 1,000 cinemas belonging to factory and other recreational clubs in the big industrial centres, and the 6,614 mobile units that take films to the rural population. Even the national minorities living in remote forest and mountain areas were seeing films.

Of even greater significance than the size of the audience is the kind of influence the film exerts on it. In 1949, over four-fifths of all seats sold were for Hollywood features, which had dominated China's screens for decades. Two years later, imports from America had been replaced by Chinese films and many from the socialist countries. And there was a big increase in Chinese productions of a totally new calibre and content.

China now has ten studios. Besides features, they are producing newsreels, documentaries and many other types of films never made in the country before. Very popular recently have been full-length productions, generally in colour, of Chinese traditional operas. The art of outstanding actors like Mei Lan-fang is being preserved for posterity.

The first Chinese films ever to be made were produced forty years ago in Shanghai. When Shanghai became Communist in May, 1949, most film workers stayed to welcome the People's Liberation Army. Six months later, the state-owned Shanghai Film Studios were set up. Now considerably expanded, this company possesses some of China's most experienced script-writers, directors and actors and technical personnel. It has three studios for making features, one producing animated cartoons and puppet films, one for scientific and educational pictures, one specially for dubbing foreign films in Chinese (it has handled films not only from the socialist countries, but also from Italy, France, Egypt, India, Britain and elsewhere). Besides running its own technical workshops, it maintains a dramatic company (giving employment to actors when they are not engaged on films) with its own permanent theatre.

Two other film centres are located in Peking and in Changchun, North-east China. When Chaing Kai-Shek launched his offensive against Red China, the studios at Changchun were forced to close and the staff moved to Hsinshan, where they took over a primary school and a local cinema. In 1949 they were able to move back to Changchun. Within three years this studio had won for China her first international awards at the Karlovy Vary film festival with *Daughters of China*, *The White-Haired Girl*, *Steeled Fighters* and other notable pictures.

The Peking Film Studios, currently being expanded, will be the largest in the country. In Peking too are the August First Studios run by the People's Liberation Army, and the Central Newsreel and Documentary Studios which, with 107 roving cameramen, turn out about 100 newsreels and about the same number of short and full-length documentaries each year, many of them dubbed in the languages of the minority peoples.

Two more big film centres are at present being established. One is at Sian, capital of Shensi province in northwest China, which is fast becoming an industrial metropolis. The other is in Canton, to fill a special need not only for the people of South China but also for "overseas" Chinese living in Southeast Asia and elsewhere. The Canton studios have already made some documentaries and started filming their first feature. They will dubbing other Chinese and foreign films into the Cantonese, Hakka and Chaochow dialects. The Changchun, Peking and Shanghai studios are already training technicians for Canton, which will also get recruits from among the 200 students of the Film Institute in Peking. At this institution, set up in 1955, directors, actors and technicians are being trained.

Though the film companies are expanding production as fast as they can, the demand of China's 600 million people is growing even faster. Altogether 52 features will be produced this year. Projection and exhibition acilities are being extended month by month. But the film-makers still have another and more exacting aspect of the demand to satisfy—that of deeper content.

The film, like all other art forms in China today, has one aim—to "serve the people." This is the main task given to the industry by the Communist Party, and it coincides with what the film-going public wants—stories that describe their own life, problems, victories and hopes, that show the ordinary man as the maker of history and the shaper of his own fate. The people want heroes and heroines they can recognise; everyday people solving everyday problems, with different values and moral standards from those of the past.

Feature Output

The 78 feature films produced in 1956 and 1957 dealt largely with two main themes, both of which are still popular favourites. One is the struggle that led up to China's liberation, which provides a tremendous wealth of material in true stories of the heroism of ordinary people; it is deeply satisfying to film audiences to re-live these struggles through the medium of the screen. The other theme is contemporary life, equally rich in dramatic material on how the people are remaking society, and themselves, in their march towards the future.

One of the most popular recent productions has been *Sangkumryung Bridge*, based on the world-famed battle in Korea in 1953. It tells how a group of Chinese People's Volunteers held out for 24 grim days in tunnelled emplacements in the hill that the American troops christened "Heartbreak." What brought audiences flocking was not merely the portrayal of the well-remembered human heroism of those times. It was also the realisation that the peaceful environment in which China is now building socialism rests on such struggles.

In *Song of the Desert*, members of a surveying team pit their strength against hostile nature in their search for the lost source of water for a dried-up river bed in the deserts of Sinkiang. These again are real people, typifying the thousands who are braving all manner of hardships today as they seek out mineral and other resources to turn into wealth for the poeple.

Everyday problems come to the fore in a number of films about women in the rapidly changing countryside: the former child-wife in *Phoenix Song* who becomes an outstanding farmer in an agricultural co-operative, or the girl who has to struggle to free herself from the match arranged by her parents in order to marry the man she loves, in the film *Mother Wants Me to Get Married*. In lighter vein is the ebullient *Basketball Player No. 5*, in which an ambitious young girl is persuaded by her coach—a professional player who had a hard life under the sports racket of old Shanghai—to choose sport as her career.

Whilecinemagoers are enthusiastic about the increasing number of films that reflect actual life and its problems and joys, they are quick to find fault with those that fail to grapple with their subject from the socialist viewpoint of today. *Loyal Partners*, the story of two friends who work in a research institute on antibiotics, came under fire for this reason. The more conservative of the two friends is dissatisfied with his position and wants to resign. But he changes his mind—throwing himself wholeheartedly into a new scientific quest—when his friend's life is in danger due to an unknown disease contracted in his work. Innumerable letters, written by spectators to newspapers and film magazines, criticised that script for endorsing personal friendship as a stronger motive than the duty of a scientist to serve the public interest.

Many script-writers have now gone to reside permanently in the industrial areas and the villages—not just to observe, but to take actual production jobs in factories, mines and farms so as to learn how best to write for, as well as about, the workers and farmers. Actors too will do this on a long-term basis. Backed by the experience of China's modern, fast-growing film industry, this will help the screen to fulfil it role better and better as time goes on.

FRENCH YOUTH: Youngsters getting into trouble . . . and helping each other out of it. That is the simple theme of Pierre Chenal's Jeux Dangereux, *starring Francois Simon-Bessy and Sany Frey.*
Photo: Lux Film

AT THE NATIONAL FILM THEATRE

All War

AFTER a two month "rest" with the comparatively tame (though undeniably entertaining) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer season, the National Film Theatre bounced back to its most striking and impressive form with an exciting range of film coverage—A short tribute to William Wyler; a longer one to the Boulting Brothers, who this year celebrate their 21st anniversary in screen partnership; a brief two-week spotlight turned on Italy; and a season of films from East Germany.

Later the theatre studied the work of the Polish students' film school at Lodz, and presented what was regrettably billed as the last of the Free Cinema series. And now for a Swedish season, first planned when FILMS AND FILMING produced a Swedish issue last October.

The nine films from the East German state-owned organisation, DEFA, provided one of the most stimulating and challenging festivals of the past year.

Outstanding film of the festival, and symbolic of the new prominence of DEFA was the controversial *Council of the Gods* (Director: Kurt Maetzig, a holder of the National Prize. 1950). This, with its indictment against the men who make millions out of war, reflected most of the entire concepts, ideals and intentions of DEFA, and showed us many of the distinctive tricks of directions and camerawork, too.

War, war, war . . . its cause, occurrence and effect was the setting for most of the films chosen to show a "comprehensive selection" of DEFA's work. Thus we saw such films as *The Murderers are Amongst Us* (1946, Director: Wolfgang Staudte), probably the best known of all the products of the Babelsberg studios to come to this country, and starring Hildegarde Neff and Ernst Borchert; the grim and arresting *Rotation* (1949) with its theme centred on a man betrayed to the Gestapo by his son; *Stronger than the Night* (1954, Director: Slatan Dudow); *Recovery* (1956, Director: Konrad Wolf); and *Born in* 1921 (1957, Director: Vaclav Gajer).

Wolfgang Staudte, indeed, scored a triple success in the season, as director of three of the films shown. He was responsible for a satirical little essay called *The Underdog* (1950), which was all about patriotism carried to excess in the days of the Kaiser, and made its point with a maximum of causticity and a minimum of compassion. This was one of the lighter moments of an otnerwise Dark Season.

There was some refreshing humour noticeable in *The Captain of Cologne* (1956), a deliciously biting piece about the fate of a waiter mistaken for a famous wartime ace, with the lean figure of Rolf Ludwig in the star role.

The film oozed atmosphere, the bustling sense of contemporary Germany, from the chromium bars dripping juke-box jazz to the brash way the Germans walked into hotels or clubs.

Patrons of the N.F.T. were handed an impressive programme setting out the DEFA week in fine style . . . except for four pages of introduction, which were torn out because they were "mere propaganda."

Perhaps the British Film Institute felt we couldn't think for ourselves!—**WILLIAM HALL**

DARNING : Maria Fiore threads a needle in Renato Castellani's Two Pennyworth of Hope, *which was Italian Cinema's flirtation with "rosy realism" (left). THE COAT : Renato Rascel clutches a prized coat in Albert Lattuada's* The Overcoat *(centre). MILLIONAIRE : Eduardo De Filippo, after De Sica, is perhaps Italy's greatest living creative artist. This great Neapolitan actor and dramatist has made successful films of many of his plays—the best being* Naples Millionaire *(right), which belongs to the golden years of neo-realism.*

A STYLE IS BORN

from page 15

Sicilian saga where, in spite of Aldo's inspired photography which lent formalistic tones to the film, what we saw was a realistic document of real experience, conceived by a director in collaboration with those same fisherfolk who were living their own story. There was no script there in the normal sense of the word. The same may be said of the measured portraits of human solitude in *Umberto D.* and *Il Grido.*

I have in mind something which that great man of realism, John Grierson, wrote some years back : "... when these younger people come along to tell us not only what we already knew but what we actually discovered for them, I have the odd thought that they would be doing better to discover something for themselves in the here and now. In the ever-living, ever-researching, ever-discovering medium of the cinema, it is only discovery in the here and now that can fundamentally matter."

Why, then, do so many of our younger cineasts, and some not so young, go on trying to do better than Flaherty, or Lang or Hitchcock ? This is the *Cahiers du Cinema* attitude to the film which has produced a dozen Malles and Astrucs. I revolted from film aesthetics of the Quartier Latin ten years ago after studying at I.D.H.E.C. In Italy I have found what I believe to be the right road.

Those Italian critics and directors who have given us so much to think about in the past years, I am sure, will not let us down in the years to come, so long as they are allowed creative freedom. Only the sheer pessimist, or that Under-Secretary, will consider the approaching *Last Judgment* of De Sica and Zavattini as a herald of doom !

MAKING TEMPEST

from page 8

complicated syntax of Italian—a task which indeed has given us many headaches in preparing the Italian dubbed version of the film.

The adaptation of the Pushkin stories, in collaboration with Perilli and Peterson, meant taking some liberties with the original, trying as we were to render the characters into plastic images, while affording the maximum spectacular potentiality to the revolt of Pugachev. There are two basic emotional themes in the film : the relationship in terms of human solidarity between the rebel peasant and the enlightened aristocrat, and the romance between Peter Griniev and Masha, the Captain's daughter.

The Chorus is supplied by the populace in revolt. It was a revolt and not a revolution. Pugachev had not the philosophical preparation that could enable him to suffer the torments of a war and the havoc which it brings in its wake. As it turned out, after a valiant and forceful beginning, he became surrounded by bad advisors, by thieves and bandits who were only interested in plundering. So it was not surprising that Catherine's Generals, with their well-planned militarism, should triumph, at the cost of Pugachev's head.

The lesson to be learned from Pugachev's revolt was that many books must be written before a revolution can begin. Not long after Pugachev went to the scaffold, a King of France was to meet the same fate ; but thousands of words in print planning the organisation of a new society had paved the way to the guillotine. Pugachev did not have this base. His revolt was spontaneous, impulsive, lacking political co-ordination. But there is no doubt that historically it can be considered a precursor of the great revolution which was to transform the Russia of a century and a half later.

I believe that the spectacular side of the film was given greater human penetration by the participation of hundreds of Yugoslav people as "extras," while there is no doubt that the splendid cavalry added lustre to the battle sequences. As is well known, there are not many horses left in Europe. Apart from those of the various police forces or special guards, there are few stables which could supply a film company with a thousand orses. In Yugoslavia we had the fortune to have two cavalry regiments put at our disposal. Horses and riders were magnificent examples of the finest cavalry traditions and that is why the scenes in which they appear have so dazzled the first audiences to see the film.

The costume designer, Maria de Matteis, had to dress thousands of extras as well as the leading players. We agreed that there should be a few bright colours contrasting with neutral backgrounds. The populace was to have the colour of the soil, the court to be in silver and white. Pugachev was in black and then in red. The Officers at the Fort in grey, black and silver. When it was necessary to hire costumes for mass scenes, we tried as far as possible to avoid interfering with the general colour scheme. For the pomp of the final ballroom scene at Catherine's palace (shot, incidentally, at Caserta, the palace of the Naples Royal Families), I was able to obtain permission from the producer to order hundreds of new costumes, all in sparkling white and silver themes, which would contrast violently with the black dress of Masha when she boldly crosses the ballroom floor to challenge the Csarina. I think that the use of colour tones for dramatic effect is particularly successful in this scene, giving emphasis to the play on monochromes rather than on the richness of variety.

Tempest is a popular film in a classic key. It sets out to be comprehensible to the wide public without, nevertheless, losing its values in terms of intelligence and good taste as, unfortunately, so often happens with the "big spectacle" productions.

If it has succeeded, as I hope the first criticisms and public response in Italy seem to indicate, then the credit is due to the exceptional collaboration between "producer" and "director" which is possible in making a film for Dino De Laurentiis. To make an Italian film, shot in the English language with mostly non-Italian actors, but with a technical crew one hundred per cent Italian, is an achievement that results from the very special personality of De Laurentiis, who not only wins the confidence of those working with him directly, but also of the American distributors, who are more than willing to stake their capital in his productions.

NEXT MONTH

LOOK FOR YUL BRYNNER AND JOANNE WOODWARD

in Martin Ritt's *The Sound and the Fury* (from the William Faulkner novel) on the green cover of the May FILMS AND FILMING, on sale April 15. And inside, a special writers' issue in which novelist **H. E. Bates** tells why "It Isn't Like the Book" ; Into Another World, by screenwriter **Daniel Taradash** ; Where Credit is Due, by scenario editor **Frederick Gotfurt** ; Four French Authors in Search of a Film (**Jean Aurenche, Pierre Bost, Henri Jeanson** and **Roland Laudenbach**) ; On Writing for Children, by **Melville Shavelson** and **Jack Rose** ; and the making of *Compulsion*, by screenwriter **Richard Murphy** (which is also Film of the Month). Plus ! An exclusive personality feature from **Bette Davis**, What I Think ; Patterns of Cinema, No. 15—A Man's World, by **Peter John Dyer** ; a Preview of a German *Hamlet* and a negro *Orpheus*; National Film Theatre review; reports from all the world production centres ; and all the regular features. Make sure of your copy—order it !

ACTORS IN THE STREETS

from page 8

talk of actors, it is necessary in the particular demands of shooting "on location" to make a fundamental distinction between actors made by the director and the true actors, those who not only "take" from the director but also "give," thereby bringing to the film something creative of their own.

It is clear that the first type of actor is helped by location shooting. We directors say that by subjecting this kind of actor to a nocturnal temperature of zero degrees, by taking off his coat and turning the wind-machine on him, by throwing frozen water or chopped snow at him, and finally by giving him the well-known slap to help free him of his complexes (at the same time shouting mad words of love at him) we can obtain an effective close-up.

The same result can be obtained in a studio so long as there is a real actor before the cameras, sufficiently capable of imagining the field of snow in which he is supposed to be lost. But how many "good" actors are there ? Few, very few.

Something different may be said about cameramen because it is from the impoverishment of their equipment that some advantage can be gained. The luxury of a studio gives a poor cameraman the chance to use far too many lights. One corrects and neutralises another, frequently resulting in an unexpressive confusion. Shooting on location, however, imposes space limits and obligatory angles on the cameraman which often give a precise character to the photography.

One thing is certain ; the reality that surrounds a unit on location has sounds, colours, vitality and atmosphere which excite the creative qualities in everyone, from the director to the cameraman and the actors. It is this excitement which in turn brings out the deeper significance hidden behind the facade of the story, which forces intuition to its most acute and emotional point, thereby adding to the script the indispensable touch of the *mise-en-scene*. In this sense, shooting "on location" has an indirect function of great value.

* * *

Translated by Elena Ciriello

First published in the British Film Academy *Journal*, and reprinted with permission—*Editor*

FILM QUIZ ANSWERS

1. (a) actor ; (b) director ; (c) actor ; (d) Vittorio De Sica. 2. (a) *War and Peace* ; (b) Audrey Hepburn ; (c) King Vidor. 3. Gina Lollobrigida. 4. (a) Federico Fellini ; (b) Giulietta Masina ; (c) *Cabiria*. 5. (a) *The Rose Tattoo* and *Wild is the Wind* ; (b) Burt Lancaster (*Tattoo*), Anthony Quinn and Anthony Franciosa (*Wind*). 6. (a) Shakespeare ; (b) *Romeo and Juliet* ; (c) Laurence Harvey and Susan Shentall. 7. (a) Alida Valli ; (b) *The Wanton Countess* ; (c) Luchino Visconti. 8. (a) Silvano Mangano ; (b) Anthony Perkins and Richard Conte ; (c) Rene Clement ; (d) *The Sea Wall*. 9. Franco Rossi. 10. (a) *Bicycle Thieves* ; (b) *Sunday in August* ; (c) *Umberto D.*

Did You Read . . .

. . . these articles by, or about, famous Italian film-makers in previous issues of FILMS AND FILMING?

Franco Cristaldi, as Personality of the Month, November, 1958.

Report on the Venice Festival, 1958. November, 1958.

Jules Dassin at work on his Italian subject, *The Law*. September, 1958.*

John Francis Lane on " The Italian Laughter Makers." May, 1958.

Cesare Zavattini, the noted screenwriter, presents " Pages from Private Diary." May, 1958

The Italian stars in jeans cult, in " Italy's New Curves." March, 1958.

Rod Hume—" Mangano Makes a Come-back." December, 1957.

Marisa Allasio as " Person of Promise." December, 1957.

Report on the Venice Film Festival, 1957. November, 1957.

John Francis Lane discusses the work of Federico Fellini in " No Road Back." October, 1957.

Amici Per La Pelle—Film of the Month picture spread of Franco Rossi's film. May, 1957.

" Neapolitan Gold," a profile of Sophia Loren. April, 1957.

Dino De Laurentiis—Personality of the Month. January, 1957.*

Venice Film Festival, 1956. November, 1956.

John Francis Lane on " Visconti—The Last Decadent." July, 1956.*

The Italian Cinema's leading men, the " Brazzi Boys." June, 1956.*

Vittorio De Sica—" My Life," a serialisation of his memoirs in the December, 1955, January, 1956, February, 1956* and March, 1956, issues of FILMS AND FILMING.

Roger Manvell on the Venice Film Festival, 1955. November, 1955.

Venice Diary—John Francis Lane meets the festival celebrities. November, 1955.

Roberto Risso, the young actor as Person of Promise. September, 1955.*

Vittorio De Sica discusses his film, *Neopolitan Gold*, with John Francis Lane. September, 1955.*

Senso and " The Hurricane Visconti " discussed by John Francis Lane. December, 1954.

Gina Lollobrigida—a portrait of " La Lollo." November, 1954.

Cesare Zavattini discussed by John Francis Lane in " Za and Co." November, 1954.

Venice Film Festival, 1954, by John Francis Lane. November, 1954.

Vittorio De Sica—Personality of the Month. November, 1954.

" Italy in London "—report of the second Italian Film Festival in London, by John Francis Lane. October, 1954.

Copies of these numbers of FILMS AND FILMING—except those marked *, which are now out of print—may be obtained from the back numbers department, price 2/3d., post free.

FESTIVAL DIARY

These are the dates so far announced for the major European film festivals during 1959:

Cannes: May 1 to May 15
Mannheim: May 25 to May 30
Karlovy Vary: June 5 to June 19
Berlin: June 26 to July 7
San Sebastian: July 11 to July 20
Venice: August 23 to September 6
Edinburgh: August 23 to September 12
Cork: September 21 to September 27
London: October 12 to October 25

NELLA CITTA L'INFERNO

from page 9

thing they can't do is send us to jail, 'cause we're already here !

Marietta looks at Egle without speaking.

The men who have been repairing the window pass by. One of the wardresses says that the baby must be born by now. Marietta looks towards the bathroom and realises that the hole through which she was able to watch her mechanic has now been covered up. Her eyes fill with tears. Egle suddenly goes over and sits down beside her.

EGLE : Now don't tell me you're crying because you won't be able to see your darling any more . . . come off it ! It was just a joke, wasn't it? You can't tell me that one falls in love with a boy just because you've heard him singing . . . you haven't even seen him properly . . . only the top of his head . . . (*irritated with her*) . . . you don't even know who he is ! P'rhaps he's married. P'rhaps when he knows who you are he won't even look at you.

MARIETTA (*under her breath*) : You're so unkind . . . you're just envious.

EGLE (*genuinely astonished*) : Envious ? Of what ?

MARIETTA : . . . of everything . . . envious of everything . . . of . . . of . . .

Marietta doesn't find the words to say what she wants . . . that Egle is envious of Marietta's desire for fresh air and the love of freedom. She turns on Egle with a helpless gesture.

MARIETTA (*continuing*): . . . Because you want me to be like you . . . to end up as you do . . . always in jail . . . always, always in the middle of filth.

EGLE (*flabbergasted*) : Oho ! Are you crazy or something ?

MARIETTA (*getting worked up*) : I don't want to end up like you ! I don't want to look at all these faces for the rest of my life. I'm young. I can start my life all over again. I can change. I don't want to end up in this filth for ever.

Egle is now very offended and starts cursing Marietta.

EGLE : Who do you think you are ? Who, indeed ? Do you think you're any better than the rest of us ? . . . Filth, indeed . . . You and your phoney angel face ! What's got into you? You're a thief, you always were and you always will be !

The women come running to the gates of their cells to see what is going on and to shout worried or excited phrases at the two women who are battling away. Marietta gets the worst of it because, after a first lunge, she has let her arms fall to her side, taking Egle's blows passively. Egle doesn't know quite how to take this passivity and gives her a last shove. She looks aggressively at the other women who seem reproachful. She snatches a cigarette out of the hand of a cell companion and leans against the wall, panting heavily . In the hush that follows, a voice announces that Lina is wanted in the Office of the Mother Superior.

* * *

EGLE HAS DECIDED to accept working in the laundry, not because she has made up her mind yet to " go straight " but because she is bored with sitting around in the cell all day doing nothing. Sitting in the laundry, without opening her mouth, is Vittorina, the infanticide.

EGLE (*to two companions, also washing at the fountain*) : It makes you laugh, this life doesn't it ? I steal in order not to work. And then I come here and what do I do ? I work . . . It makes you laugh . . .

Egle casts an eye in the direction of Vittorina.

. . . (*concluding*) . . . or it makes you cry.

Looks again at Vittorina who is staring in front of her.

EGLE (*under her breath to the others*) : She gives me the creeps that one.

The other women also look at Vittorina.

WOMAN : I feel sorry for her, poor thing. She knows what it is to be hungry. (*Even more quietly.*) She was engaged to be married and then he went off to Belgium to work in the mines. When he'd gone, her mother made her and her sister go out on the streets. When the boy friend came back, she was so scared he'd find out that she went back to live with him. And then she became pregnant.

ANOTHER WOMAN : Some busybody went and told the young man she'd been on the streets while he was away, so he wouldn't have anything more to do with her.

FIRST WOMAN : Wouldn't admit the child was his.

EGLE : Sssh.

Egle has noticed that Vittorina is looking at them as if she realised they were talking about her.

WOMAN : She can't hear. She doesn't understand.

FIRST WOMAN : So she didn't go back to her mother. She tried to find work but ended up begging, with the child in her arms. She was always hoping he'd take her back. The baby was sick, poor thing, probably undernourished. She carried it around in a basket. And it was in the basket that one day she

WOMAN (*interrupting, disgusted*) : Come on, let's go.

The women go off, taking the clothes to the courtyard. Egle, left alone, fills the tub with water. She looks towards the stone bench, but Vittorina is no longer there. Turning round, Egle finds Vittorina standing beside her. For the sake of speaking, she makes a gesture to Vittorina to help.

EGLE : Give me a hand, will you ?

Vittorina shakes her head, almost automatically. Egle shrugs her shoulders. Egle tries not to care but she is troubled by something in Vittorina's manner.

VITTORINA : I heard what you said about me. (*Pause.*) It's true. I did carry her in a basket.

Egle gives her a half smile. She takes the laundry and starts piling it up.

EGLE (*trying to be natural, polite*) : If you have a good lawyer you may get off with a couple of years.

VITTORINA (*not listening to her*) : I hoped it would be saved.

EGLE (*newly distrustful*) : You shouldn't say such things. If you throw a two year old child in the river you can't expect it to survive. Be honest !

VITTORINA : But I put it in the basket . . . it should have floated . . .

EGLE : . . . go on with you !

Vittorina has been watching Egle struggle with a shirt which was stiff and wouldn't sink in the water. Before Egle realises it, Vittorina has thrown herself into the fountain. Egle rushes over and tries to catch hold of her to pull her out. Vittorina doesn't shout. She whimpers like an animal. Egle, panting, hasn't the strength to cry for help. The two women struggle as Egle tries to pull her out. Other women come running and succeed in pulling Vittorina out of the water. The wardress shouts to them to throw the girl on the ground. Egle doesn't see or understand anything. Vittorina beats her hands against Egle. Egle is dazed for a moment, when she looks up she sees that the other women have knocked Vittorina out brutally. Egle calls to them not to hurt Vittorina and runs desperately to try to prevent them from doing so. A woman holds Egle back. Egle sobs as Vittorina is taken away to the infirmary . . .

Egle remains sitting on the stone bench where Vittorina had been. She fights against her sobs and wipes her hands on her apron.

EGLE (*trying to smile, with bitter irony*) : When somebody says " She's in jail," people think " Poor devil." Or maybe they think " That's what she deserves." Maybe they're right. But they haven't a clue as to what really goes on here . . . I forget it myself as soon as I get out. (*Raises her weeping eyes to the Nun who stands beside her.*) You're not to blame, no it's not your fault. Still, Sister . . .

Egle sniffs away her tears. Her eyes are flashing with anger. She goes towards the fountain. In the courtyard there are the usual prison sounds echoing. A voice is singing out of tune. The bell tower of Regina Coeli is ringing out another hour of that particular day.

(*Translated by John Francis Lane*)

BEFORE THEY WERE FAMOUS

TOP LEFT : Taking pride of place in any Italian Cinema scrapbook is this still of Sophia Loren in the film version of Aida. *Signorina Loren has had quite an assortment of names. She started life—in Naples —as Sofia Scicolone, which became Sofia Lazzaro after she had won a minor prize in a "Miss Italy" contest. Lazzaro was changed to Loren when films beckoned ; and Sofia became Sophia when Hollywood named her their favourite Italian actress.*

TOP RIGHT : 1953 *saw the production of* Tempi Nostri, *directed by Alessandro Blasetti. The picture was a collection of five short episodes. Here we see (l. to r.) director Blasetti rehearsing Vittorio De Sica and Maria Fiore for a scene in the* Don Corradino *episode, while Eduardo* (Fortunella) *De Filippo, making a guest appearance in the film, watches.*

CENTRE : Anna Magnani was a well-known music-hall star before she made films. On the stage she often partnered Toto in variety sketches. In We, the Women *she appeared, under Visconti's direction, as a broken-down music-hall star . . . eyed by the matelots.*

LOWER LEFT : Director Luigi Zampa (in white cap) on location at Ischia with the stars of his film Children of Want. *Both have since become top of the bill. They are Gina Lollobrigida and Carlo Justini.*

LOWER RIGHT : Rossano Brazzi in one of his early films . . . before he became the world's No. 1 heart-throb. We asked Signor Brazzi to identify the film from which the still was taken. The reply : "I don't know. The only time I have been in a church was the day I got married !"

FILMGUIDE

Correct at time of going to press, but subject to alteration

West End Premieres

The Diary of Anne Frank; Carlton June 4
The Journey : Empire Mar. 17
Sapphire : Leicester Square Theatre Apl. 16.
The Sound and the Fury : Carlton Mar. 26.
Tiger Bay : Leicester Square Theatre Mar. 26.
Whirlpool : Gaumount, Haymarket Mar. 19.
Films in the West End soon : *Some Came Running* Apr. Empire. *For the First Time* Mid-Apl. Empire. *Rio Bravo :* late March Warner. *Le Vie A Deux :* late March Cameo-Poly. *The Case of Dr. Laurent :* Apl. Academy. *Eve Wants to Sleep/Goha :* late March Academy.

General Releases

Mar. 16
A.B.C. *The Lady is a Square/Gun Battle at Monterey*
RANK *The Horses' Mouth/Ride Out for Revenge*
INDEPENDENT *Rally Round the Flag, Boys/Alaska Passage*
Mar. 23
A.B.C. *Carry On Nurse/Breakout*
RANK *Danger Within*
INDEPENDENT *Son of Robin Hood/ Frontier Gun*
Mar. 30
A.B.C. *Auntie Mame/Insomnia is Good for You*
RANK *Separate Tables/The Child and the Killer*
INDEPENDENT *Black Orchid/When Hell Broke Loose*
Apr. 6
A.B.C. *The Hanging Tree/The Money*
INDEPENDENT *Whirlpool*
Apr. 13
A.B.C. *Room at the top/Print of Death*
RANK *Tiger Bay*
INDENPENDENT *Never Steal Anything Small/No Name on the Bullet*
April. 20
A.B.C. *The Journey/Violent Moment*
RANK *The Thirty-nine Steps*
Apr. 27
A.B.C. *Life in Emergency Ward 10/Man from God's Country*
May 4
RANK *Carlton-Browne of the F.O.*

Repertory

Films of all nationalities, selected by FILMS AND FILMING as being of special interest to film enthusiasts, which are showing in the British Isles from Feb. 15 to Mar. 31. Figures in brackets indicate number of days showing.

London Area

A DOUBLE LIFE Notting Hill Classic Apl. 5 (4)
ALEXANDER THE GREAT Stockwell Classic Mar. 29 (4)
ATTILA THE HUN Stockwell Classic Apl. 9 (3)
BREAD, LOVE AND JEALOUSY Chelsea Classic Mar. 26 (3)
CABIRIA Croydon Classic Mar. 30 (6) Notting Hill Classic Apl. 9 (3)
CAROUSEL Earlsfield Rex Apl. 16 (3)
CORSICAN BROTHERS (THE) Tooting Classic Mar. 26 (3)
CRANES ARE FLYING Chelsea Classic Apl. 12 (4)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC Tooting Apl. 9 (3)
DECISION BEFORE DAWN Poplar Essoldo Apl. 12 (1)
FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER Hammersmith Classic Apl. 12 (4)
FANTASIA Hammersmith Regal Mar. 30 (6) Bayswater Queens Mar. 30 (6) Uxbridge Savoy Mar. 30 (6) Balham Ritz Mar. 22 (7)
FEMMES DE PARIS Notting Hill Classic Mar. 29 (4) Kilburn Classic Apl. 5 (4) Croydon Classic Apl. 6 (6)
GREAT EXPECTATIONS Lee Green Pullman Apl. 8 (2)
GULLIVER'S TRAVELS Islington Empire Mar. 30 (6)
GUYS AND DOLLS Chelsea Classic Apl. 2 (3)
HEROES ARE TIRED (THE) Croydon Classic Apl. 6 (6)
HIGH NOON Kilburn Classic Mar. 29 (7) Chelsea Classic Mar. 22 (4) Baker Street Classic Apl. 12 (7) Stockwell Classic Apl. 5 (4)
HOTEL RESERVE Baker Street Classic Mar. 26 (3)
LAST HOLIDAY Chelsea Classic Mar. 29 (4) Baker Street Classic Apl. 5 (4)
LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN Notting Hill Classic Mar. 26 (3)
LOST HORIZON (THE) Kilburn Classic Mar. 26 (3)
MACBETH Chelsea Classic Apl. 5 (4)
MONSIEUR HULOT'S HOLIDAY Baker Street Classic Mar. 29 (4)
MY FAVOURITE WIFE Kilburn Classic Apl. 9 (3) Notting Hill Classic Apl. 2 (3)
NIGHT IN CASABLANCA (A) Baker Street Classic Apl. 2 (3)
ON THE BOWERY Tooting Classic Mar. 29 (7) Croydon Classic Mar. 30 (6)
PASSPORT TO PIMLICO Lee Green Pullman Apl. 6 (2)
PATHER PANCHALI Croydon Classic Apl. 13 (6)
PORTE DES LILAS Tooting Classic Apl. 12 (4)
PROUD VALLEY Tooting Classic Apl. 12 (4)
RED SHOES Lee Green Pullman Apl. 6 (2)
RIOT IN CELL BLOCK 11 Stepney Odeon Apl. 12 (1)
RUBY GENTRY Chelsea Gaumont Apl. 12 (1)
SEVEN DEADLY SINS Baker Street Classic Apl. 9 (3)
SEVEN SAMURAI Chelsea Classic Apl. 9 (3)
SEVEN YEAR ITCH (THE) Golders Green Ionic Apl. 13 (7)
SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO Palmers Green Gaumont Apl. 12 (1)
SQUARE RING (THE) Victoria Biograph Mar. 29 (1)
TRAITOR (THE) Tooting Classic Apl. 5 (4) Hammersmith Classic Apl. 12 (4)
TRIO Lee Green Pullman Apl. 8 (2)
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA Lewisham Prince of Wales Mar. 22 (7)
VIVA ZAPATA Calendonian Road Essoldo Mar. 29 (1)
WHEN THE DEVIL DRIVES Stockwell Classic Apl. 12 (4)
WITCHES OF SALEM Tooting Classic Mar. 29 (7)

Talking of Films—the **BBC** programme on March 24 at 7.30 is devoted to Film Society problems . . . at Banstead, Birmingham, Cardiff, Harlow, Tyneside, Newcastle and Woking. The subject: How to Run a Film Society. Paul Rotha Sums up. Peter John Dyer does the interviews. Produced by Richard Keen.

What YOU Think

from page 3

situation existing at that time, an unfortunate situation, it is true, but one that must be admitted. The majority of Europeans regarded the film as at least an attempt to explain the situation to the people of Europe. Furthermore, I know of no protest made by any Neo-African Organisation regarding what Mr. Vaughan terms Anti-African propaganda.

Perhaps Mr. Vaughan should confine his talents to preparing a documentary illustrating the rise of free speech in Ghana.

Granada Cinema, Greenwich. E. O. Tripp, Manager

NOBLE CHARACTER

IN his letter criticising Victor Sjostrom as Professor Borg in *Wild Strawberries*, Alan Stanbrook (February) reveals his inability to appreciate one of the director's finest points. Bergman purposely makes the old man a superficially noble character—as likeable as any human person rates himself. Our gradual disillusionment by the other characters' true criticisms is the precursor to the pricking of our personal consciences.

Roy Galloway

42 *Highgate High Street, N.6.*

SECOND CHANCE

YOUR correspondent P. R. Bacon's statement (What YOU Think, February) that one viewing of a film is sufficient for its full appreciation is so breathtakingly idiotic that it is hardly worth the trouble of refuting ; but since it is a view which seems to be not uncommon even among the so-called intelligentsia of cinemagoers, perhaps it needs to be demolished just once more.

Would Mr. Bacon assume that he had completely absorbed a Beethoven symphony at one hearing ? or a Raphael painting at one viewing ? or a Dostoevsky novel at one reading ? Obviously not. And it is beside the point to say that the film is *not* a symphony or a painting or a novel. A film which is worth taking seriously (I assume we are not talking about the run-of-the-mill rubbish) demands to be judged by the same criteria as any other of the arts.

A man who thinks that films like *The Seventh Seal* and *Wild Strawberries* lack theme—in point of fact they both have enough theme to keep the entire British cinema industry going for twelve months or more—shows that he has hopelessly underestimated them. Films as complex as these demand repeated viewings before they can be fully appreciated.

I remember when I first saw Bresson's *Diary of a Country Priest* and Visconti's *La Terra Trema*, it was with marked antipathy (indeed, I walked out of the latter halfway through). But now, having learnt more about the art of the film, and about Bresson and Visconti in particular, I am looking forward eagerly to seeing these films again. Mr. Bacon should take a second look at some of the films he dismisses so lightly.

Roy K. Martin

34 *Grove Crescent, Kingston.*

AUNTIE AND I

MORTON DA COSTA in his article, Auntie and I (January), revealed yet another theatrical director invited to direct the film version of the play he had originally done on the stage. No doubt Mr. Da Costa is a fine stage director, but he himself admits that on his departure for Hollywood to direct the film *Auntie Mame*, he had " many qualms " about the technicalities of the film medium, and that he had not seen a film in over four years !

How on earth major Hollywood companies entrust their million-dollar productions to stage directors who know little or nothing of the film medium—and I can think of several recent cases—I cannot understand. It seems to me that there is a tendency nowadays for Hollywood producers to transport successful Broadway shows lock, stock and barrel to their studios, and in doing so they think it is just as well to throw in the key man also : the director.

This is all very well with directors who are at home both on stage and screen, such as Elia Kazan, but in most cases the directors involved have never directed a film before, and know very little about film technique. The biggest difference between the stage and screen director is, I think, that the latter has greater power to narrate the story as he sees it, and place dramatic emphasis where it belongs through creative manipulation of the camera. For the director who knows nothing about camera technique, there is little even an experienced cameraman can do. Creative use of the camera requires not only technical skill, but dramatic sense.

I realise that camera technique is not the beginning and the end of a film director's job : it must go hand-in-hand with well-staged action and skilful direction of the actors. In this respect one would expect that a stage director, even one not familiar with film technique, would have reasonable success. However, this is true only up to a certain point because even here there are several basic differences between the two mediums of which the directors involved are not always aware.

Surely Hollywood is not lacking in competent film directors who are not only thoroughly familiar with their medium, but also capable enough to appreciate a successful play and adapt it successfully.

Eric Andreou

10 *Hirodotou Street, Athens, Greece.*

BOULTING COMEDY

SO the Boulting Brothers (*What Makes the British Laugh ?*) February have discovered, with Bernard Shaw, that the force most destructive of injustice and ignorance and pomp, is wit. What they don't seem to have discovered, along with all our other comedy film-makers, is that Shaw used his comedy situations and characters, always well laced with sarcasm, as points of departure for his attacks on injustice or ignorance, whereas today, people like the Boulting Brothers, give us hilarious situations and humorous characters which are only funny for their own sake, within the framework of the film; what I would call abortive comedy.

19 *Stuart Avenue, Hayes, Bromley.* Bryan Rendell

PLAYING HOLMES

IN your review of some of the many actors who have played Sherlock Holmes on the screen (February), you state that Arthur Wontner appeared in the 1934 British version of *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. I believe you may be wrong about this, but I stand to be corrected. I saw a version in about 1932 with Robert Rendel as Holmes, with possibly John Stuart as Sir Henry Baskerville, with location " shots " taken at Lustleigh and other parts of Dartmoor. This film was closely followed by a series with Arthur Wontner as Holmes, Ian Fleming as Dr. Watson and Lyn Harding as Dr. Moriarty.

Stuart Keen

Elm Cottage
Upton Pyne, Nr. Exeter,

Mr. Keen is correct. Arthur Wontner has played Holmes (in a series produced in 1934) but he did not play in *The Hounds of the Baskervilles.*—Editor.

GLOSS ON PRISON

from page 9

judgment or a comment on one or the other would be tantamount to a comparison, which is quite impossible. Imagine, just for the sake of it, that Callas and Tebaldi were singing together in an opera ! How could one compare them ? Somebody may have his preferences, and I leave it to the spectator to make his choice.

Certainly, the Two M's are not rivals in the way that Callas and Tabaldi are supposed to be. The cinema is no place for prima donnas. I should feel I had failed as a director if there were any such " rivalry " amongst players appearing in a film of mine.

The moral of the film, if it has one, is to be found in the changes which take place in the characters of Egle and Lina while in the Mantellate. When Lina is brought inside at the beginning of the film, she finds it unbearable. She is a simple country girl, who had worked as a maid in Rome and been duped by a " fiancé " into going to the cinema while his accomplice burgles the flat of Lina's employers. The police realise that Lina is not guilty, but put her in jail till she talks. They can do that in Italy ! Lina is miserable in jail, but the influence of the other inmates soon begins to work on her, especially that of Egle, a domineering and cynical " regular " visitor to the Mantellate. Lina is released, by now convinced that only suckers would keep to the straight and narrow path.

One day a letter arrives for Marietta. It is from the boy whose voice she has fallen in love with. The letter arrives like a bomb for the inmates. It seems like a miracle that Marietta's wish should be answered. In reality, it is Lina's doing. She has met the boy casually while doing her " beat " on the Tiber embankment and, realising he was the " voice," told him about Marietta. A transformation begins to take place in Egle. The hopeful prospect opening up for Marietta, plus the tragic suicide attempt of another girl, an infanticide, have taken some of the harshness out of her. She begins to realise what a tragedy it is to be inside those walls. When Lina comes back to the Mantellate, now quite " at home " and pleased with herself at her newly acquired elegant manner, Egle turns on her violently.

I have not tried to make a film which says anything about the conditions in Rome's jails. The problem, I discovered, is not whether the inmates are treated well or not, how they eat or sleep. I spent months studying these women before I started shooting the film. Some women whom we chose as " extras " were in danger of being sent back in before we started shooting the film ; we had to give them money to keep them from temptation. I learned that the problem is truly not what happens to them inside : but how to keep them from getting there.

I have not made a journalistic survey. I have made a film which I hope will be an entertaining " show." Critics often write that I have no social conscience, that I make no *criticism* in my films. I leave that to the critics—it's their job. I would prefer to be like those authors of the last century who signed their works " By the author of . . . " Let people judge my film without worrying about Castellani's neo-realist tendencies. After all, the public is going to see a film, not a page of criticism.

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